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The BYSTANDER

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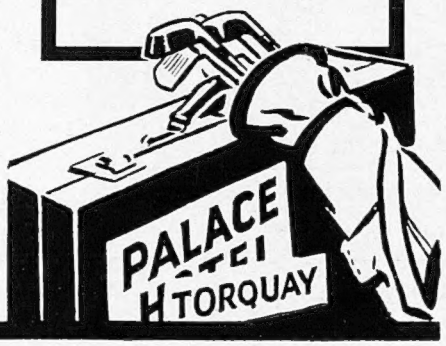

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FRANCE—(*continued*).

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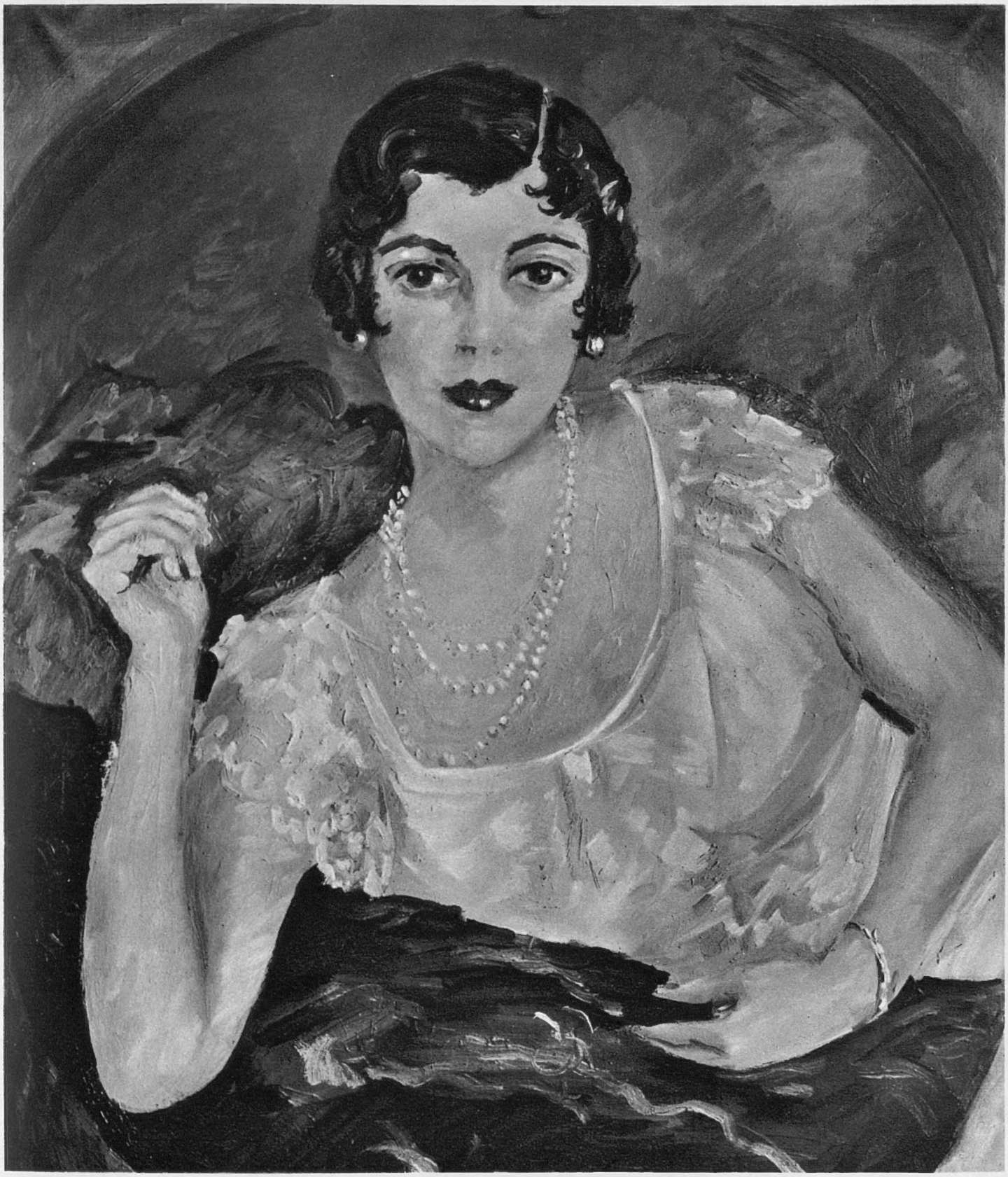


MRS. PETER THURSBY

This attractive portrait of Mrs. Peter Thursby, which Adrian Daintrey has painted, is now being shown in his exhibition at the Cooling Galleries. Mrs. Thursby is the elder daughter of Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, and married Mr. Peter Thursby in 1928

The PASSING Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Below: Mrs. Woolley-Hart with two members of the big party that dined with her before going on to the Circus Ball; on her left is Mr. Norman Edwards, and on the right, Baroness Van Lennep

Sasha

W. Brydon

At the Hawick Dog Show: Lady Elizabeth Scott, the Earl of Dalkeith's elder daughter, and the Earl of Minto's daughters, Lady Willa and Lady Bridget Elliot

An After-Dinner

Lady Dashwood, Mrs. Redmond McGrath Decies at Londonderry House, when th last week in aid of the Pulford Street sit

IT fell to Lady Cavan to be the first hostess of the Season to give strawberries and cream en masse to her guests. Her daughter, Miss Daphne Mulholland, was dressed in the conventional white, though her frock was nearly backless; and the guests were all given pass-out checks in order to prevent gate-crashing—a difficult matter usually when a dance is given at a big hotel. This took place at the Dorchester.

SUPPER was served in the Spanish grill, and everyone was asking whether Miss Primrose Salt (a gossip-writer's nap for the Débutante Beauty Stakes) was present. But she wasn't. Lady Barbara Lindsay was much admired and was, incidentally, mistaken two or three times during the evening for Miss Eileen Brougham. Lady Margaret Bligh was perhaps the prettiest girl present, and danced with Lord Poulett, whose sister, Bridget, came on from the Opera.

FORTIFIED by the caviare and quail (when *will* that bird disappear from dance-suppers?), few of the guests left before 3.30 a.m. It was quite like old times. Jack Harris's band played; Mrs. Winston Churchill wore a long train. Chaperones included Lady Howard de Walden and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore. Lady George Wellesley wore a pearl dog-collar.

AND now I must record the sad, if painless, death of a great Mayfair celebrity—none other than Jackson, the Embassy Club cat.

Andrew and Peregrine Bertie, Lady Jean Bertie's sons, were at their aunt, Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart's wedding; they are in charge of Miss Sophie and Miss Helen Trafford

The Hon. John and Mrs. Southwell leaving the Butes' house in Belgrave Square, where Lady Bute held the reception after her daughter's wedding to Mr. Edward A. Walker

The Marquess and Lady Hélène Hay Stuart's wedding; Lionel Berry are

Swaebe

Auction Sale

Miss Daphne Kingsmill, and Lord of the Westminster Housing Scheme auction sale of art treasures was held

Swaebe

At the Italian Ball

Count Robert de Calry, Donna Degna Marconi and Donna Rosario Prunas at the Italian Ball, held for Italian charities in London

He passed away last week at the age of eight—no great age for his race, unless you take into consideration what he ate. It would be safe to say that Jackson was treated to more caviare, blue trout, and breast of chicken than any other cat in the world.

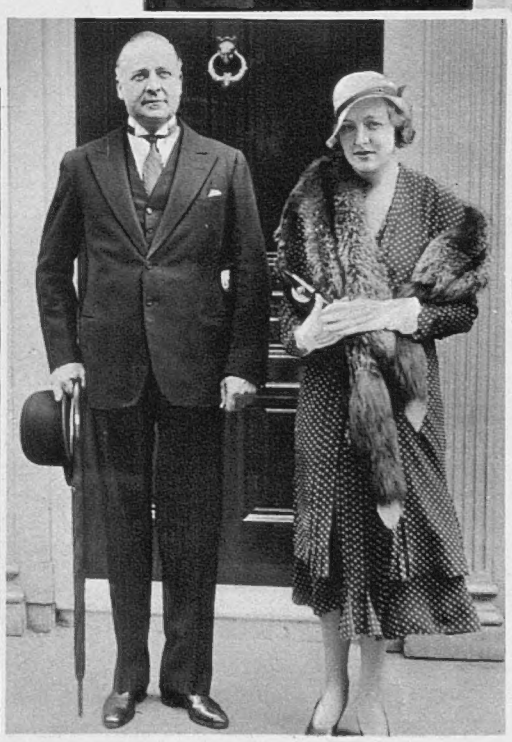
INDIGESTION was his downfall, probably accentuated by the innumerable times he was made to jump over the waiters' arms just after a heavy meal. Each summer, when the Embassy closed for the holidays, Jackson disappeared for six weeks. Nobody knew where he went, but on the opening night he was always back again, curled up in the middle of the dance-floor—a very king of cats.

HE has appeared in caricatures, in innumerable gossip columns, in novels, and in magazines. He was aloof, and walked by himself, tail waving, green eyes often fixed in disdainful stare on some of the loveliest women and most important men in the world. To-day, Jackson Junior reigns in his stead. He is less than a month old, and (publish it not in Gath !) his father is the head Tom at the Kit-Cat.

IT was last Wednesday that I met Jackson Junior. Prince George, like a number of distinguished people, is beginning to prefer to go to restaurants and dance-clubs when it is *not* extension-night, and there is, consequently, no crowd. He was there too. Wednesday was the night of the Circus Ball at Grosvenor

Marchioness of Tweeddale and were at Lady Mary Crichton-Lady Hélène Hay and Mr. being married on June 21st

Sir Gifford Fox, M.P., and his attractive wife, who was Miss Myra Newton, walking home together after the reception ; they have a house in Eaton Square



Another M.P. and his wife at last week's big wedding were Lord and Lady Fermoy ; Lord Fermoy has represented the King's Lynn division of Norfolk since 1924

Above : Mr. Edward Alan Walker and Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute's elder daughter, leaving the Brompton Oratory after their wedding last week. Mr. Walker is in the Diplomatic Service, and Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart has a lot of friends abroad, so the wedding was a very "diplomatic" and international one

Above: Three of the Degas Group of columbine ballet-dancers who decorated the Circus Ball were the Comtesse de Fleurieu, who gave a dinner for all the members of the Group before the Ball, Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Lady Bridget Poulett

Right: Lady Veronica Hornby was another of the Degas Group, and was photographed at Mr. Fishburn's flat in Piccadilly, where the Group dined

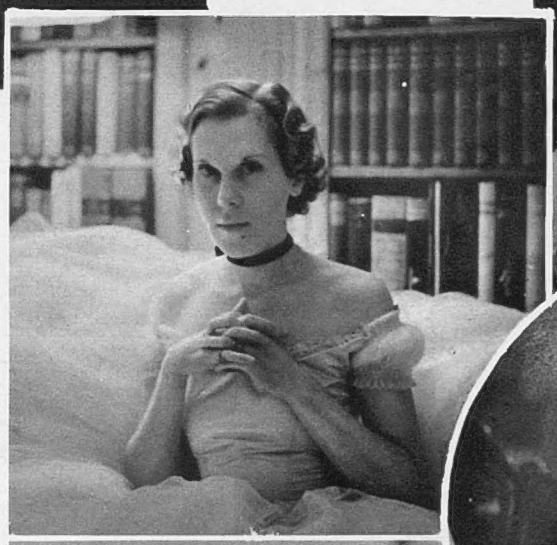
House, and a very good ball it was. Full marks to Miss Olga Lynn. An imitation circus was placed in the middle of the vast ball-room, into which the ice-rink had been converted.

MR. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny made one of their rare appearances in public—she in a white ballet dress and he in a red waistcoat. Charles Sweeny won the Founder's Cup at Sunningdale at the thirty-eighth hole. Marriage seems to agree with both of them. Captain Pim was dressed as a hairy man, and his wife as a powdered beauty. Captain Gray Horton had a couple of those Inniskilling Dragoon ponies in his group.

A NUMBER of foreigners in London had been roped in for the occasion—among them Princess Rospigliosi, Count Monteglas, Baroness Van Lennep, Prince Sevelode, and Count Clauzel. But far the prettiest group, to my mind, was the Haute École group, in which Lady Castlerosse, Miss Nancy Mitford, Lady Weymouth, Lady Morvyth Benson, Miss Loel Guinness, and Countess Paul Munster appeared in gowns designed by Victor Stiebel. Nor must one forget the eighteenth-century costume de fête in which Mr. David Guthrie appeared. Who would have thought that he would be employed in a dressmaker's establishment?

EVERYONE will have regretted the disappearance of the Court queue of débutantes and their mammas in the Mall—above all, the Press photographers. But it is good business for their brethren of the studio, and the red awnings in Bond Street and its neighbourhood were fluttering more busily than ever on the nights of the Courts. No longer, though, will it be possible for débutantes to acquire undue publicity by posing for photographs on their mudguards or by ostentatiously reading text books.

Right: Mr. Fishburn, the host at the dinner party, and Lady Alington in her ballet-dancer's dress



The Countess of Oxford and Asquith and Lady Glenconner "in the ring" at Grosvenor House, where the Circus Ball was held last Wednesday, in aid of the London Homœopathic Hospital

Lady Lathom, in non-circus dress, but wearing a lovely emerald and diamond necklace, was another member of the dinner party for the Degas Group

EVERYONE who has seen the Prince of Wales recently seems to think that his hair has become, somehow, slightly fairer. At Wembley the other day he was wearing suède shoes, which may easily cause a revival in this form of footgear. Lord Blandford and Colonel Fred Cripps are among the very few people who still wear them. The Prince's example in always wearing a red carnation at night has

Mr. Cecil Beaton École dress into his part as a May Wong, looking

"A Series of Most Astonishing Humorous and Beautiful Triumphal Circus Entrées" were made at the Ball by, among others, Miss Dorothy Hyson, Mlle Alice Delysia and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, the Chief Clown

The Eighteenth-Century Equestrian Group included the Hon. Nancy Mitford, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Lady Castlerosse, looking like her Lavery portrait in the Academy, and Lady Weymouth

already been followed by any number of people. Which must be pleasant for Lady Diana Cooper and the other West End florists.

DIPLOMATIC London is sorry about the imminent departure of Monsieur Goiran, the French Consul-General here. He has just been appointed French Minister to Mexico, and will thus lose contact once more with his old schoolmate and friend, the new French Ambassador in London. Monsieur Goiran's successor in London, by the way, rejoices in the delightful name of Monsieur Billecocq.

WHEN is a dance club not a dance club? The answer is: "When it starts to elect honorary members in large numbers." It would not surprise me at all if sensational action were taken in the next few weeks in connection with an establishment whose directors' zeal for ensuring crowded tables has outrun discretion very considerably.

TWO other private dances last week were those of Mrs. Eben Pike and Mrs. John Walter. No. 16, Bruton Street, from which Lady Evelyn Mason launched her two daughters, has become quite the place to hire for a private dance. Several of the guests on Wednesday went on from the Circus Ball in their fancy-dress. The orchestra, who were the Grenadier Guards Band, must have felt slightly surprised at the garb of one or two of their officers and ex-officers.

The Rodeo group at the Circus Ball, some of whom lined up for the camera, included Capt. and Mrs. Gray Horton, Lord and Lady Scarsdale, Mr. and Mrs. Wells, Major and Mrs. Burrows and Capt. Mike Ansell

who changed out of his Haute something that suited better photographer, had Miss Anna very exotic, as one of his sitters

Lady Lavery, the leader of one of the Circus Groups at the Ball, talking to Miss Olga Lynn, the Director of Entertainments, who was never seen during the evening without her "baby," and kept it up as late into the night as any gipsy mother would

LUMINOUS-EYED Barbara Cartland has just written another novel about Mayfair. Her heroine, this time, is a floor-warmer at a smart restaurant, and you feel very sorry for her, if it is all true. Then she has a high old time at Monte Carlo, which is apparently as gay as ever, and so it goes on. Miss Cartland has added poignancy by hardly trying to veil either characters or supper restaurants. And Major Cornwallis-West is just going to put on his play, "The Letters of Margot," but this, veiled or otherwise, has nothing to do with Lady Oxford and Asquith, and starts its run at the Queen's Theatre on May 22nd, with Dorothy Hamilton and Atholl Fleming in the leading parts.

A Racing Reverie : *By "Regular"*

Kempton and Newmarket

I AM commencing my article this week with a short examination paper for my readers. As I lost money at Newmarket, I am not in a position to offer any substantial prizes, but a pamphlet of quotations from the sayings of Newmarket ladies concerning one another, and those of Newmarket trainers concerning Mr. Marriott, will be sent to all who can supply the correct answer to every question. These little messages of peace and good will should inspire you throughout the season and prove a comfort in time of stress.

Left : Mrs. Chester Beatty and Mr. "Terry" Weldon seen at Kempton Park on Jubilee Day

Below : Sir Berkeley Sheffield walking with his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Rigby. Two other spectators of the Jubilee Handicap

(1) Who formed the Baronet's bodyguard ? The names of the said bodyguard.

(2) Who said : "My only ray of hope is that Cecil will not spill the beans" ?

(3) Who said : "Don't be seen or sighted ; he 's much better in at Newmarket" ?

(4) The name, address, and telephone number of the lovely girl at Kempton nobody seemed to know.

(5) Who said : "Don't worry, Guv 'nor, I 'll drop him out for you" ?

(6) Who said : "No, I couldn't do it, not even for you, M 'Lord" ?

(7) The name of anyone at Chester who didn't see one which made your eyes fair start out of your head. (*This is not a fair question, and failure to produce anyone except a blind man will not disqualify you from the prize.*)

WHO answers, or not, as the case may be, to the following soubriquets ? "Wiggy," "——— and Gaiters," "Gugs," "Ding-Dong," "Spender," "Mo," "Clatter," "The Scribe," "Angel Face," "The Judge," and "Gandhi."

I HAVE never seen more people at a Park Meeting than there were at Kempton for the Jubilee, which only goes to prove that the public are grateful for a little display of comfort on their behalf. If other courses would have a bonfire of the sugar-boxes which call themselves stands and then call in the M'Alpines, they would find an increase in their attendances.

I 'M not going to tell you who was there, but I noticed a dozen Gilbeys and a similar number of Raphaels. The best-looking of the known form was Mrs. John Player, but Mrs. John Mason ran her close, while there was a lovely blonde "nobody knew ' nothing ' about," which caused a lot of young men to wear that rather stupid look they do when they spot a new lovely, while a corresponding number of lovelies looked rather sour in the way *they* do when they see one going better than they are.

THE racing was first-class. In the first race we saw Gordon outride three other jockeys and win a short head. With all due respect to those three jockeys, I am quite sure he would have won on any of the first four.

WE then saw him persuade an unwilling animal named Comic Relief to do enough to win. Here again I do not think any other jockey riding would have won bar Richards. I make no apology for these frequent references to the Champion. He is so immeasurably better than his fellow-riders, and every day he is making Turf History. I cannot, therefore, refrain from alluding to him.

NO man races on better lines than Colonel Giles Loder. Recently he and his trainer, Victor Gilpin, have been dead out of luck. Everyone was therefore delighted to see them win the Jubilee with the fully exposed Colorado Kid. I may say that the cheers which greeted his victory were not solely on account of the popularity of Giles and Victor. Quite a few had had a nice touch on their own.

MICHAEL BEARY would have been something more than human if he had wanted to see Firdaüssi win, with his rival, Charlie Elliott, in the saddle. Badly away, Firdaussi ran a great race, but Colorado Kid was always going too well for him. Michael's own mount, Andrea, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough, and trained by Percy Whitaker, was badly kicked at the post by Great Scot. This one always seems to be doing someone a bad turn.

IN contrast to the huge crowd at Kempton, the attendance at Newmarket was rather thin. This wasn't to be wondered at, as it was as cold as charity, and even the most ignorant have now learned that cameras are taboo there ; so unless you 're keen on racing, there 's no real point in going.

IT was great fun all the same, and the racing excellent, with plenty of excitement. I don't know which caused the bigger stir, Miss Celia Palmer's hat or Ray's nap. The former's headgear was well over the odds, while poor Ray must have thought he was still "resting."

SIX lengths clear coming out of the dip, Porchy and his many friends were justified in beginning to count their winnings, as Satyr appeared to have the race in his pocket. They reckoned, though, without Gordon. Never in his remarkable life has he ridden such an inspired race, and with Ray sound asleep on the favourite, he forced Mediæval Knight up in the last stride to win by a head. And then Ray woke up. When I left the course nearly an hour later, some people were still laughing ; others weren't.

Sir Ian Malcolm and his son, Mr. Malcolm, who also saw Col. Giles Loder's horse, Colorado Kid, win the Jubilee Handicap this year

Society "Dates"

Photographic Reactions to the Season's Progress

Below: Sir Reginald Kennedy Cox, Lady Edward Hay, Mrs. John Goodenay, Miss Primrose Salt, and Lady Annaly at the "at home" which was held last week by Lady Annaly at Lady Edward Hay's house in connection with the appeal for funds for the Invalid and Crippled Children's Society's sunshine convalescent home at Shoeburyness

Swaebe

A Committee in Session

Miss Evan Jones, the Hon. Mrs. Simon Combe, Miss Anne Faudel-Phillips, Miss Pamela Ismay, and Miss Jean Faudel-Phillips, some of the Mid-May Ball Committee, having tea in Mrs. Faudel-Phillips's garden

An Organising "At Home"

Left: Mr. John Beckwith, Lieut.-Colonel and Lady Muriel Beckwith's son, and Miss Ivy Curtis, daughter of the late Major-General Sir R. S. Curtis and the late Hon. Lady Curtis, were married last week at Shrivenham Church, Berkshire

Below are two photographs taken at the Kempton Park Jubilee Meeting; on the left, Captain and Mrs. Douglas Faulkner and, right, Lord Londonderry and his eldest daughter, Lady Maureen Stanley

"Young Marrieds" at Kempton

Mr. and Mrs. John Mason went racing together at Kempton Park, and were photographed together on Jubilee Day

Feathers and Trains

Some Presentations at their Majesties' First Court

Lafayette

Miss Betty Darley

Extreme left: Miss Betty Darley was presented by Mrs. Basil Brooke, whose husband, Rear-Admiral Basil Brooke, is Comptroller and Equerry to the Duke of York

Miss Primrose Salt

Left: Miss Primrose Salt, the daughter of General H. F. Salt, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who commands the Army Air Defence Formations, was presented by her mother

Speaight

Miss Susan Corbett

On the left is Miss Susan Corbett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Corbett, who was presented by the Countess of Erne, and on the right is Lady Dawson, wife of Com. Sir Hugh Dawson, Bt., R.N., who was presented by Lady Chatfield, the wife of Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield, the First Sea Lord

Bassano

Lady Dawson

At the Theatre

Bed-lam and Biblical

"High Temperature" (Phœnix)

And so to Bedlam. This is a farce, by Avery Hopwood and Wilson Collison, authors of *Night of the Garter*, about a double bed, occupied by a wife (Dodo Watts) with ravishing négligée, a high temperature and a jealous husband (Arthur Rigby, Jr.). Underneath the bed is Clifford Mollison in his underclothes and the Dodo's dressing-gown. He got there quite simply. A car smash, a thunderstorm, and two burglars. While the thunder roared and the burglars chatted, the lady of the house slept on. Jazz music penetrated the storm. The sleeping beauty was giving a dance at her house, but Dr. Laddie Cliff said she was too ill to take part in the revels. Then he began to see things under the bed, and continued to see them for the rest of the evening.

Later on, he saw his wife (Diana Wilson), who had strolled in at the window through torrents of rain, in evening dress, as women will, apparently in the arms of the butler. This was the signal for a (Reginald) Bach Fugue, or flight, for the butler was minus his trousers. The butler's name was Weekes, and when Aunt Cicely from Exeter (Violet Farebrother) had drunk enough neat whisky to see two of him, she called him a Fortnight. Presently Weekes encircled his all-wool pants with a door-mat, having the word "Welcome" conspicuously displayed just where you 'd expect.

About this time, Mr. Mollison, still suffering from loss of memory and no clothes to speak of, was being pursued by the husband, who had returned from one of those conferences in London which always take place in the middle of the night. When there was a crash of glass we sophisticated playgoers guessed that Mr. Mollison had fallen through the conservatory in the butler's trousers. How right we were. When the darned idiot came in with a flower-pot on his head and some form of implement in his hand, which he proceeded to use as a sword, telescope, billiard cue, golf club, and whatnot, why, then we high-hats had to cover our shame and let our laughter out with the rest.

Mind you, it hurt, after a college education and all that; but, however much you turn away from trousers and young men in bed with hysterical blondes, these things get you in the end. Especially the trousers. They 're so primeval. From this cosmic truth the last curtain drew its sting. Aunt Cicely let the revolver off by mistake and down came Mr. Mollison's elementals with a run, just as he was embracing his fiancée (Joan Harker), and all was explained and forgiven.

She, too, poor girl, had been through the bed business; I forget why, possibly for the same reason that I have forgotten to recount the titbit of the evening. Aunt Cicely, you understand, mistakes the intruder for the husband, and hearing him sneeze, forces him into his hostess's bed and applies onion soup and poultices to both patients. I can't remember any more, except that the room had two doors and two cupboards which came in useful, and that everybody put everything down to the squirrels. Long before the squirrel joke was spent there were straws in my hair, and a far-away presentiment that one day, brooding in my padded cell, I should curse the name of Mollison. This inventive buffoon fairly put the bed in Bedlam, and miraculously contrived by sheer drollery to keep the machinery of madness in perpetual motion. His fellow lunatics gave him vigorous support. Challenged by this whirlwind of idiocy, Crazy Week at the Palladium must look to its cap and bells.

"Caesar's Friend" (Piccadilly)

With no trial scene and no Jesus, the prelude to Calvary is a difficult and delicate theme. Campbell Dixon and Herbert Morrah handle it with tact, imagination, and dramatic force. There is no clash between reverence and the modern idiom. The Central Figure being absent, Pontius Pilate takes His place and is presented as a pleasant, easy-going man of the world, hovering cynically between a philosopher's doubt ("What *is* truth?") and a civil servant's anxiety over keeping his job. Rome and Capri are a long way from Judæa, yet rumour travels fast to the intriguers at Court. Pilate's unwilling verdict against the clear "Not Guilty" of Roman Law is made a political issue. Caiaphas, the villain of the piece, hints at local disturbances which will have their repercussions in Rome. Dare Pilate risk the fate of any office-holder accused of not being "Cæsar's Friend"?

The conjecture is plausible, and up to a point convincing, though Judas, in his guise of fire-brand and dreamer, does not go so far. The betrayal is shown as a deliberate bluff to force the sword of deliverance (from Rome) into his Master's too peaceful hand. The talk of the soldiers, the back-bitings of the rival priests and the domestic scenes in Pilate's house, have spontaneity and humour. Mary Magdalene is sensitively drawn, but never over-dramatised by Gillian Lind. The supernatural darkness in Pilate's garden should be darker, for here the conversation piece should be lifted into the realms of high drama. D. A. Clarke-Smith points Pilate's poise and outlook with sharp, deliberate strokes of insight—a thoughtful and brainy performance. Honourable mention to Robert Speaight's volcanic Judas, Aubrey Dexter's tough commandant, Mary O'Farrell's quietly drawn portrait of Pilate's wife, and Francis L. Sullivan's Judæan version of Canon Ronder.

Trinculo.

Charlot's Show, "How D'You Do?" (Comedy)

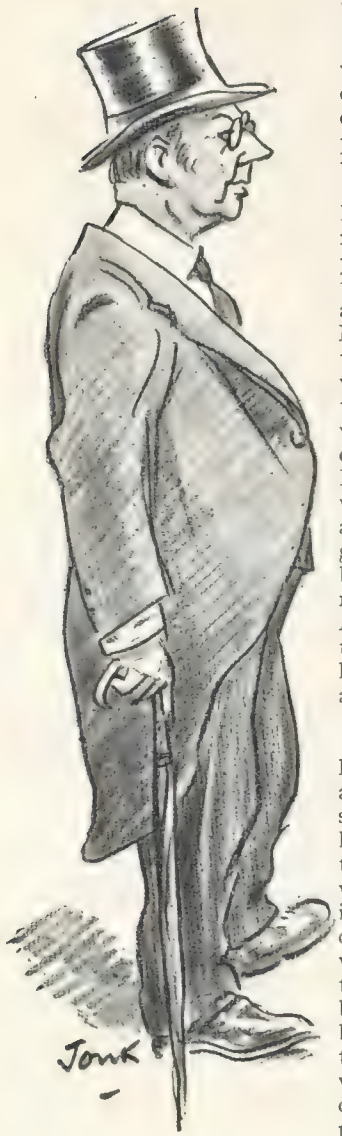
On the left, Edward Cooper, the clever compère who also plays the piano. He is playing for Frances Day, who is featuring her number, "S'cuse Me!" Edward Chapman is the Yorkshire lad "up for t'Coop" for ten years on end, who has never seen the game! In the dressing-gown is Queenie Leonard as Hugh Williams in the skit on "The Green Bay Tree," and on the right is Arthur Macrae, responsible for much of the book. The coy tree with the naughty look is the one and only Douglas Byng

By Rouson

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"



Col. Bayly Akroyd

Known as "Lord Lonsdale"

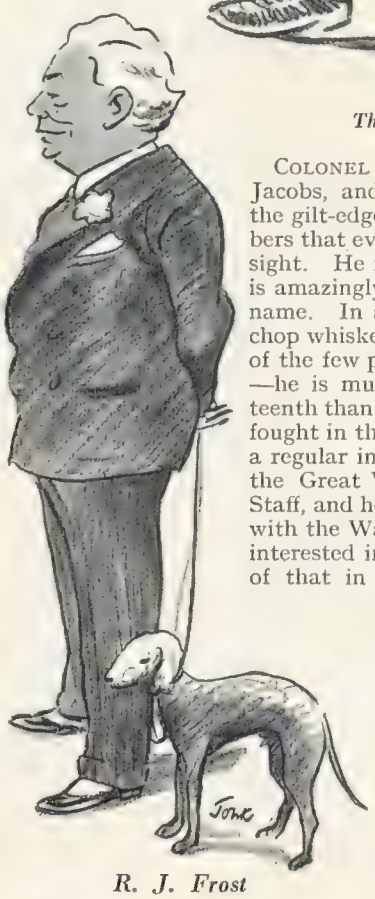
THE House has heard all about the competitors in the Stock Exchange Walk, but there were quite a lot of other celebrities on the London-Brighton road that day, and here is our special correspondent's notes on what he saw of them: "Went down with an original 1903 walker, but in spite of his having stepped briskly over the route in that and several subsequent years, he lost the way before we got to Crawley. Incidentally, Crawley, and not Horsham, as we stated on May 3rd, is the half-way house, and there, when we did find the place, we also found a vast concourse of the Stock Exchange and their womenfolk. Met R. J. Frost, unofficially known as the Permanent Lord Mayor of Brighton, complete with the guinea smile, a button-hole, a Bedlington, and a lovely programme-seller. Drew her picture, but she didn't like it, so am not risking libel by publishing it. Saw Alan Kaye, with the husky sore-throat voice, superb in a blue beret: his job was organising the dinner, and he worked like a Trojan.

"TALKING of Trojans, Herdler has changed his for a Morris, and, as a result, was seen on the road as far south as Crawley, although rather late. At least, he wasn't exactly on the road when he was seen, and nor were we when we saw him: licensing hours seemed very elastic that day! Not so the beer supplies; watching other people walk is thirsty work, and one "house" beyond Crawley had run out of beer by 2.30. Other celebrities on or by the road were George Richardson, who is going to appear on this page one of these days, though colour-printing is needed to do his face justice; and C. B. Lowe, a famous walker of the past, who reported that at Crawley he 'd seen a housemaid shaking her duster out of a window over the heads of several august members of the House; Harry Bates, the man with many children, and Claude Lemon; also the Nicholas brothers, but I don't know if they had a good race or not. Lacy Hillier lost a lot of people money by having his hair cropped and his beard trimmed before he set out on his bicycle. However, having been champion cyclist at all distances in his time, he must be forgiven for making such quick and unexpected changes.

"ARRIVED at Brighton just after one, with two hours to wait. After lunch, went to sleep on the Pier, and only woke up in time to see number three, L. G. A. Pasfield, arrive. Hollyer and Schlesinger, who were first and second this year, as well as last year, came in with only three minutes between them, after nine hours' walking. Exhaustion was brought on by contemplation of all this energy: cured this by a swim in the Hove baths, and a little 'something' (Tamplin's best) at six prompt. Sat down at 6.30 at the dinner with 150 members of the S. E. Athletic Club, their wives and daughters. Heard excellent speeches from the Chairman of the dinner, Col. C. B. Burnell, who was full of humour, and pointed out to the Hon. Secretary that he too had been a walker in the past, and from Gordon Browne, the Hon. Secretary himself, who did a rare thing in making his official speech extraordinarily interesting. The Deputy-Mayor spoke in the best advertising manner, telling us all about such things as sunshine records and the health-giving properties of the local air. Harry Preston, unfortunately, couldn't be at the dinner, owing to the illness of a very great friend, but he was about earlier in the day, and was delighted with the £15 collected by the programme-sellers (headed by Miss Topsy Davie) for the Royal Sussex Hospital; he insisted on splitting a bottle with the organising committee."

L. J. Hollyer

The winner of the Walk



R. J. Frost

With Bedlington and guinea smile

COLONEL AKROYD, who is with Gordon Jacobs, and spends most of his time in the gilt-edged market, is one of the members that everyone in the House knows by sight. He is known as "Lonsdale," and is amazingly like the original of his nickname. In appearance, with his mutton-chop whiskers and his tail-coat—he is one of the few people who wear one regularly—he is much more typical of the nineteenth than of the twentieth century. He fought in the Boer War, and then became a regular in the Royal Fusiliers; during the Great War he served on the G.H.Q. Staff, and he has done a good deal of work with the War Graves Commission. He is interested in farming, and has done a bit of that in his time, and he is a keen fisherman. "Tail-coat men" are usually members of long standing; Ross Pember, who very often wears his own special kind, of grey suiting material, has been in the House for over thirty years. And Alfred Gardner, who wears one too, has been there for nearly forty; he is a short, dapper little man, and his tail-coat makes him look rather like a bird, an effect this fashion has on small men.

Idols in Wood: No. 6. The Loin Cloth and the Robes

Two further examples of the clever work of Mr. S. D. Banks, representing Gandhi and the Rt. Hon. Sir Horace Avory, reproduced from models and coloured by hand. The figures are about twenty inches high and the originals are for sale. More examples of this new form of caricature will be published in subsequent issues

E

Delirious Dialogues: No. 14. Paderewski and Henry Hall

(Written and Depicted by A. J. Bovey)

Henry Hall: *Good evening, everybody. This is the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall. We are commencing our programme to-night with a fox-trot, "Wheesy Anna," with a hot pianoforte solo by one of my boys, who is new to you—Ignace Paderewski.*

Paderewski: *I am afraid there is some liddle mistake, Meestaire Hall. I come here merely to play ze sonatas of Beethoven. I tink ze hot music is too advance for me. I haf come, so it seems, to ze wrong room.*

Henry Hall: *Beethoven? Sure, that's all right. Half the new numbers are lifted from the classics. You mustn't be nervous. You'll be O.K.*

Paderewski: *But I do not play in ze jazz bands. I am a famous musician.*

Henry Hall: *Of course you're a famous musician. We're all famous musicians here. Why, there's not a home in the British Isles which doesn't know Henry Hall. You mustn't get swelled just because you're broadcasting.*

One of the Boys: *Excuse me, Mr. Hall, but this is Paderewski,* the *Paderewski, the greatest pianist of the day.*

Henry Hall: *Is that so? Why didn't he say so before? Well, I reckon there is some mistake, Sir, so I'll say good-bye—and here's to the next time.*

Hors d'Œuvres

By "Caviare"

Left: Mr. Stanley Wootton, Miss Gladys Sammut, and Sir Louis Greig sitting out together at the Kempton Jubilee Race Ball held last week at the Savoy

Below: a sketch by Poli of Lady Charles Cavendish, whose recent entry into the ranks of London hostesses as Chairman of the Débutantes' Ball was a most popular one

MOTHERS and daughters—
Personality—Brenda, Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and Lady Veronica Hornby.
Charm—Zena Dare and Angela Brett.
Distinction—Mrs. Dudley Ward and Penelope.
Beauty—Dorothy Dickson and Dorothy Hyson.

THINGS I notice at banquets—
Lord Trenchard's medals and thick hair.
Air-Marshal Sir Brooke Popham's low left-side parting.
The Duke of Marlborough's precise neatness.
Lord Desborough's cheery smile.

HAS a lovely lady turned over a new leaf, and is it a gold one to match her hair?

PHŒBE, who writes to me from a Canadian Pacific liner, asks why I write "pithy remarks" about "such a crew of social pets or humbugs"? and continues: "Can you not find some clean and moral ones among your giddy crew?" She then sends some inside knowledge of a really pithy sort. Dear little Phœbe—obviously a sweet child of nature!

IF I were giving a party, I should ask Sir Ian Walker, because he is a good sportsman; Lord Berners, because he is good company; Lord North, because he dances well; Mr. Hubert Duggan, because he is intelligent.

HAS an ambitious mother hopes of a very big catch, and hasn't the somewhat pathetic bait got other ideas?

GLIMPSED—
Miss Leonora Brooke, in scarlet, running between the traffic.
Sir "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine in a bowler hat in St. James's Street.
Sir Paul Latham hatless on the Terrace.

IS an orchid-and-dinner-for-two bill giving a young man we all know many sleepless nights, and couldn't she sometimes dine cheaply?

MR. THURSBY, attractive "Poppy's" brother-in-law, has a serious, pensive look, especially when smoking a cigar. Mr. Hamar Bagnall is dark, swarthy, and shows a lot of teeth when he smiles. He likes a good joke.

HATS I have loved and lost—
Lady Delamere's fez.
Mrs. Baron's black pancake in straw.
Bébé Daniel's straw, buckle, veil, and all.

LADY MARY STRICKLAND has a really classical beauty of which I am a great admirer. She and Lady Nunburnholme will be beautiful when other radiant blooms of to-day have faded into "She-was-once-lovely-dear."

TOM, Tom, a rich man's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
Pig was greedy, Tom felt needy,
They both came home to beg some mon(ey).

THE best-looking man—
In the Academy—Lord Airlie.
At the Ritz—Lord Sefton.
At the Princeps' party—Georges Carpentier.
At polo—Sir Harold Wernher.

NOTES among the Young Generation—
Attractive Sylvia Regis de Oliveira talking to intelligent Sheila Berry.
Beautiful Kathleen Horlick dancing with charming "Teddie" Phillips.
Capable Pamela Smith arranging unusual Lisa Maugham.

TO be or not to be is the question which is distracting a young lover and boring most of his friends in a club near Hill Street.

DOES a young man they all love keep his photographs in a drawer, and does a most elegant frame have a continuous change, especially at cocktail-time?

SIR MORGAN CROFTON has a quick, sharp way of saying things which makes all his remarks sound witty, which they nearly always are, anyway. Lord Dewar is a witty speaker, and so is Lord Rochdale.

IT is a pity that a gentleman of note forgets that politeness to the lower classes is expected of those in public positions.

IT is no use crying over spilt milk, but he who holds the jug is not always to blame.

The Passing Picture Show

Foreign Bodies: By Sydney Tremayne

MR. ERIC HAKIM is pursuing his policy of presenting selected Continental films in Oxford Street. The latest is *Le Rosier de Madame Husson*, re-named for the less initiated, *Virtuous Isidore*; but far stranger and more alien are the curiosities Hollywood is sending to us in the guise of "English" stories, set in an ostensibly English scene, made under American direction with American players.

Prevented by somewhat obscure and bigoted political or racial objections from presenting *Morgenrot*, the brilliant German film about the U-boat and Q-boat duels, Mr. Hakim substituted, at the last moment, an amusing French film based on a de Maupassant story.

I doubt if *Virtuous Isidore* will have the success enjoyed by its predecessors, because the theme and its treatment are so essentially Gallic. The French treat the subject of sex much more lightly than do the Saxons and Teutons, and the whole comicality of this picture depends on its flippant satire at the expense of virtue and signalises his return to the village, which is mourning his disappearance, by giving his patroness anything but a chaste salute.

The central idea is comic, and it is treated so light-heartedly as to be robbed of offence, but the film is too long and too detailed for so slight a theme, and it is doubtful if English audiences will respond to characters and venue so divorced from their own interests. *Virtuous Isidore* is a fantastic and rather long-winded relation of a typically French joke.

Right: another scene from "Pleasure Cruise," showing how Andrew Poole (Roland Young) follows his wife and gets taken on as a steward. He is getting into trouble with the Purser (Robert Greig) for interrupting a tête-à-tête between that officer and Mrs. Signus (Una O'Connor)

"Pleasure Cruise" at the New Gallery

"Pleasure Cruise," Austen Allen's play, has been turned into a film, and above is seen Shirley Poole (Genevieve Tobin) about to enjoy herself by going off on a cruise, while her husband, Andrew (Roland Young), is left at home to cook and fend for himself

and, in the earlier sequences, much of the humour lies in verbal sallies at the expense of the candidates for the prize for chastity offered by Madame Husson, the severely moral lady-bountiful of a French village community.

It is typical of de Maupassant's wit that the only creature found worthy to be fêted, clothed in white and crowned with rose-buds, as a reward for innocence, should be, virtually, the village idiot.

The libations and oblations in honour of his chastity go to Isidore's head, and he finds his way to Paris and a night haunt, where a sympathetic blonde quickly deprives him of his virtue and its monetary reward. He emerges from his experience triumphantly singing "*Je sais qu'est ce que c'est*," which emphasises the inference that ignorance is the root of abstinence,

BUT even this snigger at the expense of virtue is less alien than a picture like *To-day We Live*, of which neither characters, language, situations, or scenes belong to any country in the world. This film is a grotesque attempt to tell a tale about a group of English people during the war. Gary Cooper comes through the ordeal with his accustomed sang-froid because he portrays an American and delivers his lines and his kisses and wears his uniforms in his own measured and natural manner. Joan Crawford, as an English girl, the daughter of a soldier and the sister of a sailor, is the most incredible phenomena the screen has ever given us, not excepting *King Kong*. Garbo-locked, shiny-faced, tearful and intense, she is a packet of gloom throughout. Her "English" dialogue is mercifully inaudible most of the time. Her jerky movements and manner, her absurd ultra-modern and unbecoming clothes render the impersonation as unlike a war-time English girl as it is possible to conceive. The only excuse for her consistent depression is that she has such an awful part and wears such terrible hats. Even Gary Cooper's manly embraces do not cheer her.

There are some thrilling but fantastic shots of aerial war in which Howard Hawks (directing) gets into his *Hell's Angels* stride or, rather, flat spin, and some exciting, quick-moving sequences in which two naval lieutenants, who have apparently taken over the whole of England's war against the German Navy, with Boulogne as their base, are shown indulging in heroic exploits, unassisted, in a torpedo boat.

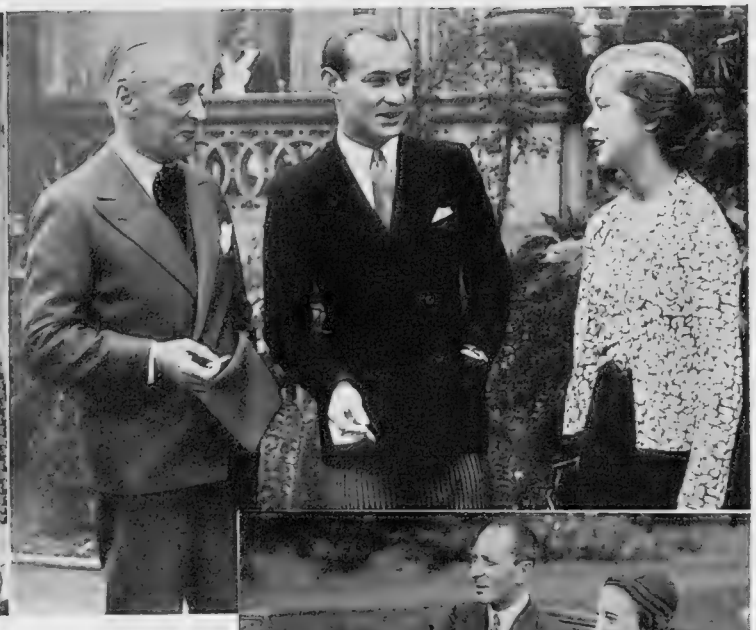
THE recording is so bad that one is spared a great deal of the astonishing dialogue. Presumably the strange clipped language is the American idea of the laconic Englishman's method of expressing himself. A naval lieutenant introduces his sister to the Admiral: "Sister—mine." The part of this brother, Ronnie, is played by the awkwardly named Franchot Tone, "tipped" as a coming star. It is impossible to judge of his histrionic potentialities, as he is, in this picture, a monosyllabic automaton. Roscoe Karns, as Gary Cooper's flying mate, supplies more than welcome, and sometimes audible, comic relief.

An English country home is funny, too, though not intentionally so. There is a male retainer of ambiguous status who is in the "drawing-room" (?) collarless and coatless; a parlourmaid is told to hand the sugar at an informal tea, and a room described as "father's study" is a cross between a gun-room and a baronial hall.

When Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper confess their love for one another while laboriously bicycling along a country road, the audience did actually laugh aloud. I think that *To-day We Live* is the worst film I have seen since the advent of talkies, and I fail to see the object of labelling these absurd happenings and incredible people as English.

ANOTHER American film which purports to deal with English life and character is *Pleasure Cruise*. Of all the young American actresses who have successfully played quick-fire, wise-cracking parts, Joan Blondell is one of the most convincing and indigenous. (You remember her "scrapping" with James Cagney in *The Crowd Roars*, and stealing and eating hot-dogs in *Central Park*.) Well, she is cast as the English heroine. After that we might as well make an American gangster film over here, and persuade Mr. Ernest Thesiger to play the part of the chief high-jacker.

Mrs. Grahame Chapman, Mr. Nelson Keys, and Lady Bridget Poulett in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Van den Bergh's house in Kensington Palace Gardens, where the fork-luncheon took place



Above: another after-lunch trio discussing the Ball, to be held at the May Fair on May 18th, were Mr. H. E. Stoker, Mr. Robert Douglas and Miss Lisa Maugham

Out-of-Door Preliminaries

A Fork-Luncheon for the Film Memories Ball

Below: more "Famous Film Memory" experts at the lunch were Mrs. Riddeford, Mrs. Nigel Bruce, Mr. Anthony Ireland, Mrs. Anthony Ireland, Miss Mary Glynne, Mr. Nigel Bruce, and Miss Nora Swinburne

Lord Carisbrooke and Lady Eleanor Smith sitting in the sunny garden after luncheon

The Hon. Sheila Berry and Miss Angela and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward looking at film photographs to try and discover their doubles on the screen; they will appear at the Ball to-morrow night, representing famous film stars

Sasha

Madame Sanges and Mrs. Robert Van den Bergh are also helping to organise this "in-aid-of," from which the Princess Beatrice Hospital will benefit

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

LORD DUFFERIN is not wasting his time. In one week he has become Chancellor of the Primrose League and Secretary to the Federation of University Conservative Associations. He is certainly making his own career. He is Parliamentary Private Secretary to Lord Irwin, but, unlike so many young Conservative M.P.s, he is not content to depend on his chief for his advancement. Moreover, Lord Dufferin has realised that there is as much power in political influence from outside the inner circles of Westminster as there is from within.

WHETHER he can do anything with the Universities Federation I don't know. To date it has been an inanimate body, though its individual limbs have been active enough. Perhaps he can revive the Primrose League through the undergraduates? It is the kind of Young England Society that might, if it were properly managed, have a wide appeal.

MUCH more so than the Junior Imperial League, the official organisation which caters for young Conservatives. Lately, everyone has heard of it. It has held a ball in Mayfair. It was a great success, too. I doubt if one in ten of the guests were members of the League. What is the money that was collected to be spent on? So far all the League's work has been amongst the white flannels and dinner-jacket brigade. Little has been done for the young working boy and girl. If they were to arrive at a League show, they would feel horribly out of place.

Yevonde

Lady Worthington-Evans

Above: the wife of Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans, son of the late Sir Laming Worthington-Evans. Lady Worthington-Evans, before her marriage in 1928, was Miss Joan Pears

Right: Mrs. Storey, the wife of Mr. Samuel Storey, who has been one of the two Conservative Members for Sunderland since the 1931 election, is the daughter of Colonel W. J. Woodcock, D.S.O., and Mrs. Woodcock. Her father is in command of the Cumberland, Westmorland and Border Brigade

Elwin Neame

Mrs. Samuel Storey

I HOPE Lord Burleigh, who is now in command, will remember Mr. Thomas's message to him on the Empress of Britain. There is a moral in it. Mr. Thomas, going to Ottawa, was travelling first-class; Lord Burleigh, with the Olympic Team, was travelling second. On the third night out, after dinner, Mr. Thomas rang for a steward. "Find Lord Burleigh in the second class," he said, "and tell him I want to see him. Tell him to come up 'ere; and tell him I 'ate this class war."

I HEAR sensational reports of Mr. Donner's meetings at Islington. His constituency is a working-class division, a really poor district. Mr. Donner is a *Morning Post—National Review* man. He is opposed to the Government's Indian policy; he is, I think, opposed to the present leadership of the Conservative Party. On his platforms he speaks his mind with a frankness which would probably terrify those who talk most of "trusting Democracy." And he is having a great success.

THERE is not much love lost between him and Sir Samuel Hoare since some illuminating correspondence passed between them, which Mr. Donner published, not, I imagine, entirely to Sir Samuel's satisfaction.

THE success of this Parliament is Sir Austen Chamberlain. In his old age he is remaking his reputation. He has a following in the House, particularly among some of the younger members, which makes him to-day far more powerful than either Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Winston Churchill, the only other two private members who can be said to have any personal supporters.

SIR AUSTEN is more effective now than he ever was as Foreign Secretary. He seems to have rediscovered his courage since he left the Front Bench. There is a universal desire that when he retires from the Commons he should go to the House of Lords after all, and it is believed that he will.

THE two letters M.P. are found on occasions to hide a multitude of omissions. When, for instance, a young member gets engaged to be married, M.P. I suppose, is as good as any other tag for descriptive purposes; but it is a pity, of course, when no amplification of the letters is possible. Then it seems to me as though the letters are not the two they should be.

WHETHER purposely or not, the Prime Minister's statements relative to the forthcoming London Conference have been distinctly nebulous, and it says much for his ability to see through a fog that Sir Austen Chamberlain was able to observe a ray of light through the mist of words. Sir Robert Horne also seems to possess the same ability, but the bulk of the Members are not so clear-sighted.

WILL Colonel John Buchan find promotion in the Birthday Honours? He has worked hard for it. He has been an assiduous party servant, and his C.H. was not, I think, quite what he expected or deserved. His appointment as Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland is, may we suppose, merely a step to other things? His personal staff are well chosen, and quite what one would have expected of him. He is his own creation, Sir Edward Leithen, to the life.

FROM their Lordships' House I hear murmurs of disapproval at Lord Mount Temple's non-stop performances. In the Commons, as Minister of Transport, he was all at sea. In the Lords he found his feet and was on them within twenty-four hours of his introduction. He has seldom been off them since.

LORD HALSBURY, I understand, is planning a return round with Lord Hailsham, who, contrary to all expectations, remains at the War Office, not, perhaps, entirely inappropriately. Such a set-to should add to the gaiety of the Nation.

Charity Dancers at Grosvenor House

The British Fabrics Ball in Aid of the Waifs and Strays Society

Sir Frank and Lady Meyer at supper at the British Fabrics Ball; there was a parade of all-British evening dresses during the evening

Below: Mr. Radford Norcop and Mr. Harrison were with the attractive twins, Miss Joan and Miss Diana Henry

Mr. Jack Knowle and Miss Marie Symons-Jeune watching Mr. Ivo Reid doing what looks like a rapid conjuring trick with one of the lucky-number prizes

Above: Lady Adare wore arum lilies, the latest evening dress decoration, in her belt; with her is Mr. Ely

Below: Miss Sanchia Whitworth and Miss Andrina Schweder, two of this year's debs, who were helping on the Junior Committee of the Ball

Miss Mary Margaret Boden and Lady St. John of Bletso, who, with Lady Polson and Mrs. Warren Pearl, received the guests

Below: Mr. Desmond O'Neill and Miss Meriel Dalrymple-White paying a visit to the bar

Miss Elizabeth Smiley and Mr. Lionel Devitt were in one of the many big parties at Grosvenor House

If Gossip We Must . . .

Defensive Fascists—Nazis and Noses—Savages and Their Women-Kind — Music at the Austrian Legation — "Buck's Book"

THE origin of the legend, "This animal is dangerous; when attacked it defends itself," is obscure. But there is no obscurity about a May Day meeting that comes long after May Day and has nothing to do with any sort of Queen.

For longer than I care to remember, orators have addressed mass assemblies in Hyde Park about this time of year. They have clamoured for the downfall of Society as it exists to-day, and the proletariat crowds have cheered them to the echo. Capitalism is attacked. The State, as we now know it, is attacked. Royalty is attacked. Nationalism is attacked. "Down with it all! Up the rebels!" is the cry.

Those who do not wish everything to be swept away in order to give place to the grey oppression of Socialism have been seeing what they can do about it. They organise to repel the attack, believing that if it is successful the nation as well as individuals will suffer.

That, my children, is how there comes into being what is known as Fascism.

FASCISM is running riot a bit nowadays. But it began as a defensive measure, and that is what it essentially remains. To shout about it as a tyranny devised to crush what is demagogically called "the working-class," shows but little sense of gumption and no sense of humour at all. If you declare week after week that you are going to burgle your neighbour's house and steal his wife, if she is pretty enough, you cannot reasonably blame him for keeping his powder dry and for seeing that his household does a bit of drilling. That is a course which it would be difficult to prevent any man with blood in his veins from adopting.

Yet there is one thing more difficult—to get a Socialist to see any point of view but his own. In his eyes, anything

On the mountain toboggans at Madeira. An excursion enjoyed by passengers aboard the s.s. Lapland, which starts for "The Bystander" cruise on June 17th. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall St.

A luncheon in connection with the Film Memories Ball was held at 8, Kensington Palace Gardens, and above are some of those present: Mrs. Saville, Mr. Gordon Harker, the Countess of Linlithgow, Lady Birkenhead, and Miss Olive Sloan. *Further pictures on page 283*

Cavalcade

To the Leicester Galleries, which we love so much and which, thanks to Mr. Jacob Epstein, are now again enjoying Dignity, Greatness, and Peace

"How D'You Do?" at the Comedy

One of the shining lights in this new Charlot revue is Douglas Byng, seen above, which shows this singer of sophisticated songs as Boadicea arriving in Rome

can be done in the cause of "the progress of the proletariat," from "peaceful" picketing at home to O.G.P.U. cruelty in Moscow.

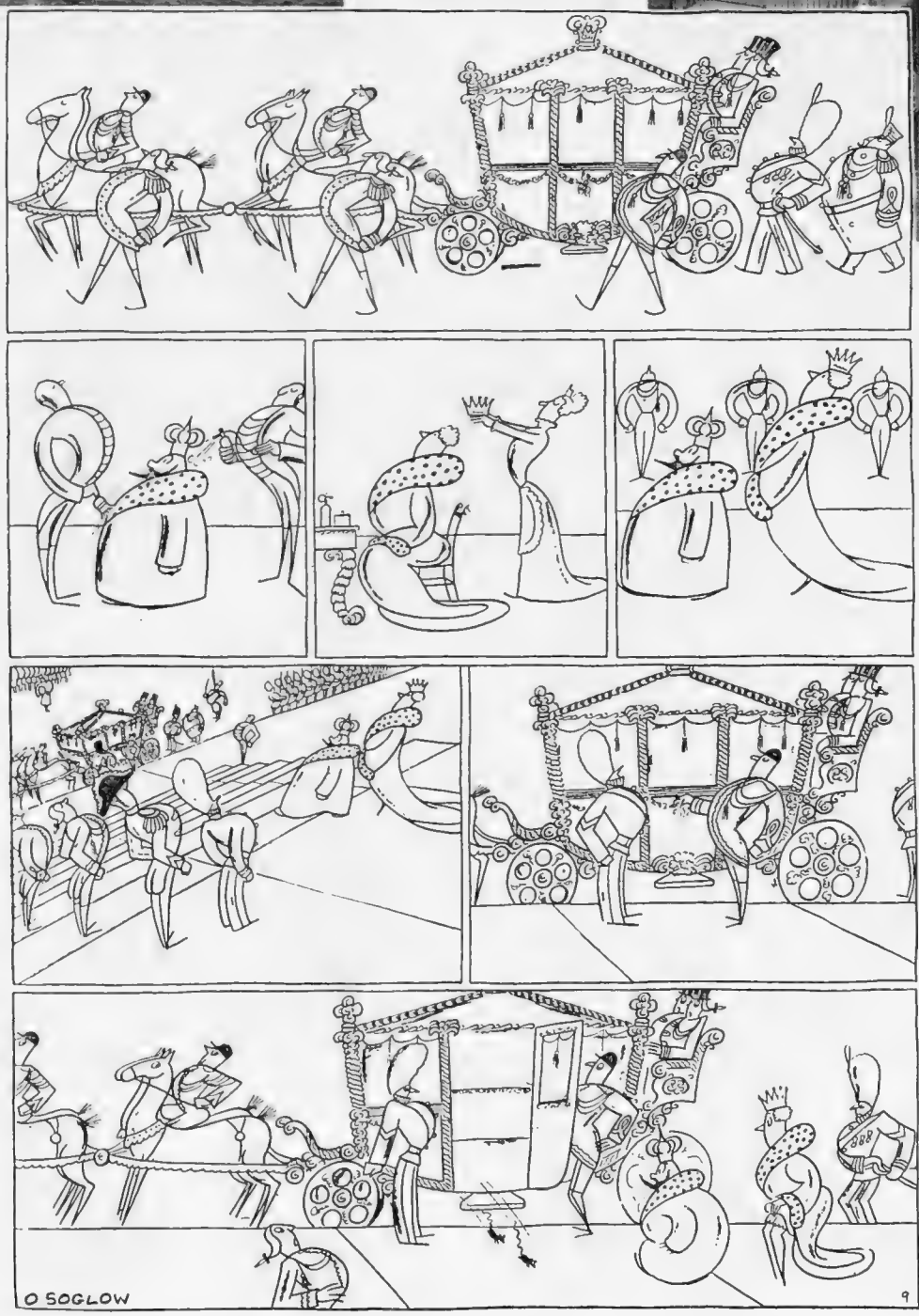
Let the other "feller" attempt to meet like with like, and you get mass meetings, mass nonsense in Socialist journals, and the very devil generally.

WITH the excesses of the Nazis I have no sort of

Edward Chapman, another star in the Charlot revue at the Comedy, in a skit on "The Green Bay Tree," in which he is seen burlesquing Frank Vosper as Mr. Dulcimer

Stage Photo Co.

A Note on the Dulcimer



Here He Is Again!

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 13.—Lord Trenchard

LORD TRENCHARD he murmured a fond adieu
To the R.A.F. and their powder-blue,
"My uniform now is of darker hue,
For I've joined the Police," said he.
Then he bought him a truncheon and pair of gyves,
And he came up to London to guard the lives
Of the worthy burghers, their kids, and wives,
Not to mention their property—
A very commendable thing, of course,
In one who is chosen to rule the Force.

Lord Trenchard he sat in New Scotland Yard,
And with line and furrow his brow was scarred;
For his Lordship was thinking and thinking hard
(And he the Commissioner, too!).
Then he asked shrewd questions and made shrewd notes,
Which got quite a lot of exalted goats,
For changes stick hard in old stagers' throats—
A thing they should never do.
But he carried on carrying on till he
Of facts and figures had mastery.

Lord Trenchard he murmured, "I really feel
Before we're 'oak' we must change a good deal,
And the rules of Peel I will soon repeal—
You'll soon see new schemes by the Yard.
And I feel quite sure you will all endorse
My view that the Bobby is on the wrong course
Who grouses until we're the Hot Air Force,
Thus losing the public's regard."
And that's why his Lordship has stirred up a storm
Re Trenchard, retrenchment, and re reform!

B.W.

sympathy, though I cannot see that the baiting of Jews by Christians in Germany is any worse than the baiting of Christians by Jews in Russia—this last consisting of lovable little pranks which British Labour people find it convenient to ignore.

Of all forms of persecution, religious persecution is the most damnably silly. It is quite possible that the small band of Fascists who, on a recent Sunday night, were set upon by a large band of their opponents in Coventry Street, were deliberately trailing their coat-tails . . . for, to be anti-Semitic in Coventry Street on the night of the Sabbath is comparable only to shouting "To Hell with Popery!" in the recesses of the Vatican.

But, whatever their mistakes, Nazis have been brought into being by the very political creed whose adherents are now loudest in denouncing Nazidom.

By Nicolas Bentley

"Well—you and Mr. Blake can just stay out of my dressing-room in future. See?"

"New Moon"

A picture by Miss Doris Zinkeisen in this year's Academy. The idea, the artist says, is "Whenever there's a new moon, anyone may wish—and, like a carnival, they all troop by—dressed in the fantastic costume of their wish." Perhaps they may come true—those wishes. Miss Doris Zinkeisen is the wife of Mr. E. G. Johnstone, Advertising Director of Messrs John Walker and Co., the famous distillers

"When talking to Constance Bennett," writes an interviewer in an American paper, "it is hard not to be so overcome by the dramatic personality of the famous film-star that one wants to have oneself rush around right away planning plays for her."

Thus Constance doth make Cowards of us all.

Musical receptions at the Austrian Legation are among the many signs that the foundations of the London season have been well and truly laid.

The Minister himself is a good host and a good musician; plenty of interesting people had been invited, ranging from Lord Beatty, who is not generally known as a music-lover, to Sacheverell Sitwell, who is.

Lord Trenchard declined, I was told, to be "drawn" on the subject of the cadet-police. I, at any rate, did not attempt the job, since cadets and cadenzas do not go well together. Why there should be such an outcry against the scheme, Heaven knows! The so-called rich are always abused for being idle, and when there is talk of giving them a job of work, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, in one of his soap-box moods, calls them "mutton-head haw-haws." Would he describe the tens of thousands of officers who fought for their country—aye, and died for it—in this fashion?

While the Nazis and the Noses were having their little scrap Haymarket-way, there was the Savage spirit of a more genial type about on that Sunday evening at the Hotel Victoria.

A. P. Herbert was in great form when, at the Ladies' Dinner of the Savage Club, he declared that every member of that Bohemian coterie should dine with his wife at least once a year.

Considering that the toast on this occasion was "Womanhood and the Arts," it is surprising that the Savage is one of the few remaining clubs to set its mind against women members, and, indeed, against facilities for entertaining them. There is, however, one woman who is a member—Dame Madge Kendal. She was elected some years ago, and she gave the club a picture which had belonged to her brother, Tom Robertson, the dramatist and author of *Caste*.

But "Sister Savage Kendal" does not, I fancy, use the premises.

However, to come to matters in every sense more harmonious. There were two singers from Covent Garden, Mme Hadrabova and Mme Adele Kern.

The former is tall and slim, the latter short and slim. Which is a blow to the facetious—for if we did not cling to the hoary fallacy that all opera-singers must inevitably be fat, what could our humorists do then, poor things?

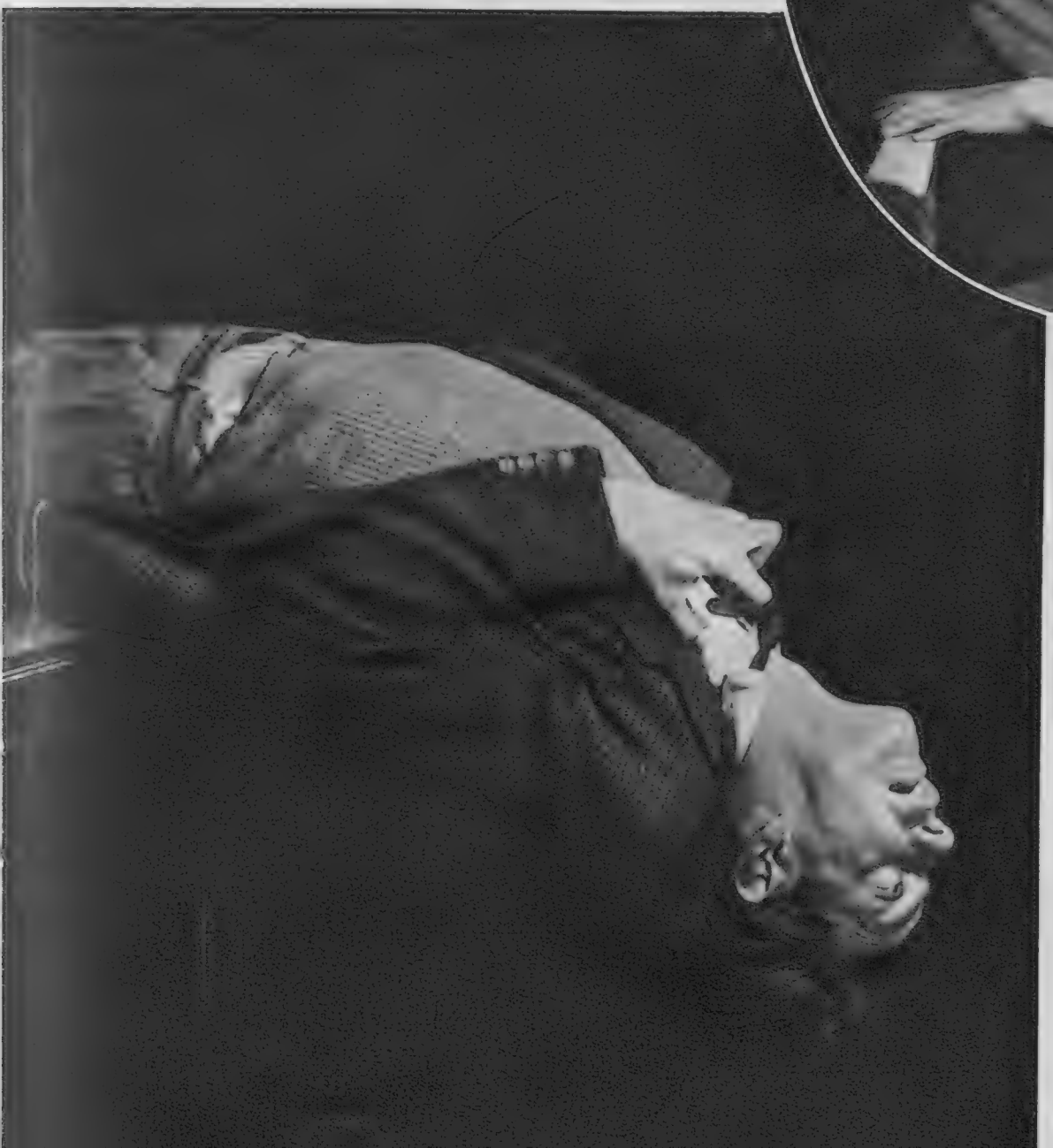
But it did not alter the fact that both sang extremely well.

Captain Buckmaster should reap cash as well as kudos as the result of his book of reminiscences. *Buck's Book*, at which I have been having a preliminary peep, is as well organised as Buck's Club—and that says a good deal.

It is good that there is so able a chronicler of the very interesting period that immediately succeeded that of the *Pink 'Un* and the *Pelican*, and is, if I may say so, a period not quite so redolent of the saloon-bar, desirable refuge though that may be on occasions.

"The Rats of Norway" has a story dealing with the staff of a preparatory school, in which the headmaster's wife, Mrs. Claydon (Gladys Cooper) is in love with one of the assistant masters, Hugh Sebastian (Raymond Massey), a dipsomaniac. The picture above shows the scene, as the play is nearing its conclusion, when Sebastian, after a bout of drinking, feels he must see Mrs. Claydon again, and returns to her room, where he finally collapses, dies, and is laid out on her bed

Hugh Sebastian (Raymond Massey) is the most valuable assistant the headmaster, Mr. Claydon, ever had, but clandestine love for Mrs. Claydon drove him to drink, and he is pictured on the right collapsing from its effect in the common room, where, luckily, he was not observed by any of the pupils, who, throughout the play, are occasionally heard but never seen



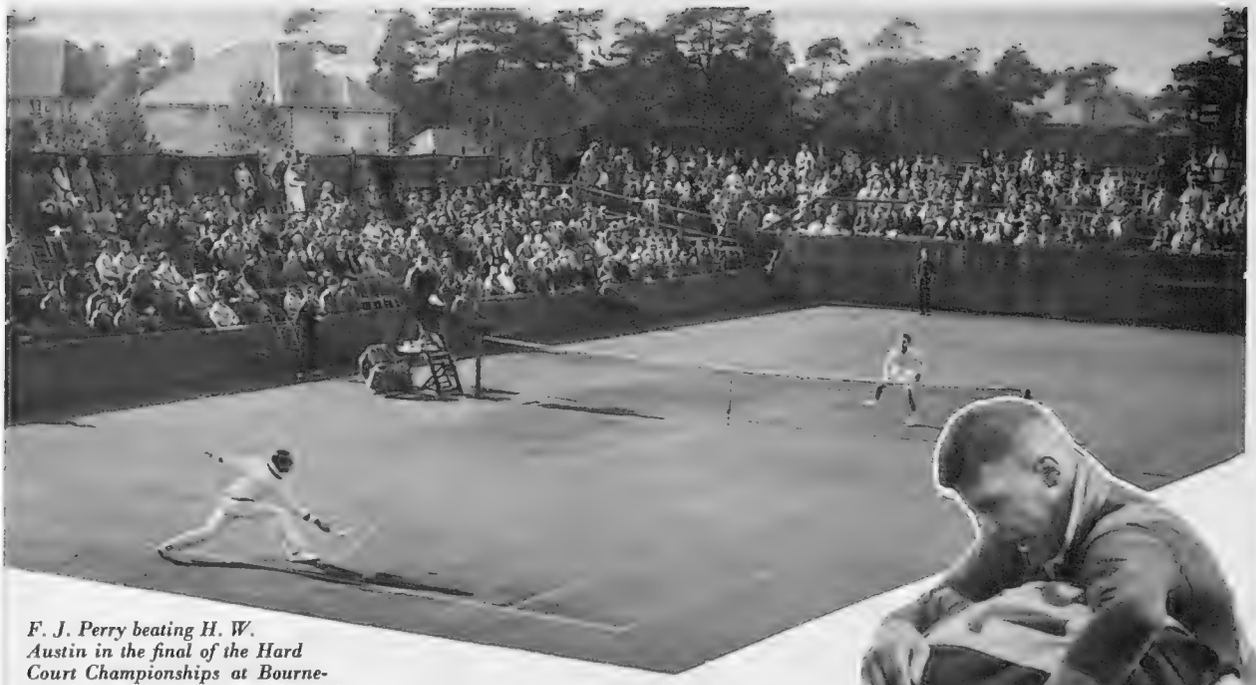
"The Rats of Norway"

The Playhouse Programme Pictured

Another love story is interwoven in the play which deals with the helpless passion of Tilly Shane (Helen Spencer) for Stevan Beringer (Laurence Olivier), seen above. Tilly is a sane soul with a sense of humour, but she is made a bore by love and is thus driven to throw away her happiness, for Stevan gets tired of her perpetual fussing over him

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding

Sport of



F. J. Perry beating H. W. Austin in the final of the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth, and thus retaining his title

Got Him!

A Huddersfield well held in a f Warrington ma League Cup Fi

County cricket at the Oval. Sandham, of Surrey, who scored 169 not out against Hampshire, playing a ball through the slips fielded by Kennedy

Miss Dorothy Round (left), who met Miss Helen Jacobs (right) in the final of the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth, and beat her 3—6, 6—2, 6—3, after having defeated the French champion, Mme Mathieu, on the previous day

England v. America at Lawn Tennis

Taking Steps to Win

all Sorts

Pictorial Record of a Busy Week

A yard to go, and he got there! D. M. Davies scoring a try for Warrington in the Rugby League Final, seen below, which Huddersfield won by 21 points to 17

Miss Mary Heeley in play against Miss Helen Jacobs (U.S.A.) at Bournemouth. The latter beat our No. 1 at 6—4 in the final set

layer, seen left, d embrace by a in the Rugby al at Wembley

Below: Mr. Whitney Straight, the millionaire driver, one of the competitors in the two hundred and fifty miles International Trophy Race held at Brooklands

Left: Jack Doyle, the Irish boxer, in training for his boxing match with Jack Humbeck of Belgium, being paced by Paddy Prendergast, the British steeplechase jockey, near Windsor, at which Royal town Doyle has made his headquarters

Above, right: Mrs. Forbes Cooper, Captain of West Lancashire Golf Club, presenting the trophy to Miss J. Firth, of Formby, winner of the Women's Lancashire County Golf title. Right: Miss Bramwell, the new Gloucestershire County Women's Golf champion, receives the trophy from Miss Wetherman

"My Lady Has a White Hand"

These beautiful hands are those of Miss Eileen Culshaw, who is appearing in the new revue, "Sally Who," which has been produced by Alfred Zeitlin, whose wife she is, in conjunction with Archie Parnell. Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale are in the cast of this musical show, which, now on tour, will shortly be seen in the West End

Photographs by Sasha

Cricket at Lord's

Yorkshire met the M.C.C. at headquarters, and, during the first day's play, the bowlers held the upper hand, Yorkshire being dismissed for 147, thanks to I. A. R. Peebles taking 8 wickets for 71, but this small score could not be beaten by M.C.C., who were dismissed for 127. The picture above shows A. Jeacocke beaten by a ball from Rhodes (A.C.)

Howard Marshall on Cricket

By now, I suppose, the notorious Larwood interview, and its subsequent developments, will have passed into cricket history. As I write, however, the air is humming with it; cables are flying from England to Australia, and everyone is taking it far more seriously than it deserves.

Perhaps you saw the interview, which revealed, we were assured, the inner secrets of the Tests. Photographs of Larwood bowling, Larwood holding a cricket-ball, a letter from Larwood expressing gratitude for a cheque, Bradman with his stumps awry—these were thrown in as fillips to our imagination.

And, to justify it all, what did Larwood say? He said that Woodfull's batting was silly and undignified; he declared that Bradman was afraid; he grumbled about the Australian crowds; he derided the Australian Board of Control. A singularly ill-timed and unhappy series of statements, in fact, and doubtless Larwood is now very sorry he ever made them. What the M.C.C. will do about it I don't know—possibly nothing at all—but surely it is high time that a rule was framed imposing heavy penalties upon players who choose to air their grievances in public.

Anyway, the damage has been done, and irritation has been set up again. I don't propose to dwell upon it, but I do suggest that what cricket most needs at the moment is a strong dose of good humour. We might, for example, permit ourselves to smile, not unkindly, at those extraordinary photographs—I hope you saw them—of Hendren wearing a grotesque kind of crash-helmet to protect his head against the bowling of Larwood and Bowes. Really, I thought, as I looked at them in amazement, cricket has reached a pretty pass! What, in the name of Hambledon and the Marylebone Club, can have come over the game? And what, I wondered, would "W. G." have said if those photographs had appeared when he was in his prime?

Then it occurred to me that it would never do to take such things as Larwood's grievances and Hendren's ear-flaps seriously. These incidents are evidence of a strange hysteria which must be laughed out of court. All this sensationalism is being forced upon the game, entirely against the will of the great majority of cricket enthusiasts. The trouble is that if a few hysterical individuals shout loudly enough, their voices will reach the crowd, and the effect will eventually be felt. Unfortunately, this shouting is likely to continue, which makes it essential that the cricket public in general and the authorities in particular should exercise as much restraint and commonsense as possible.

We live in a crazy world just now, and if cricket is to go the way of politics and economics, our plight is, indeed, perilous. We need cricket as a relaxation, not as a subject for alarmist headlines, and it would do no harm if someone in authority reminded us that cricket is still a game.

This is one of the reasons why Mr. R. C. Robertson-Glasgow's delightful book, *The Brighter Side of Cricket*, is particularly welcome just now, and why Mr. Ben Travers struck the right note in his introduction to it by saying, "There are many people who, if you told them the real reason for cricket, would look at you in horror, almost as though you had said something profane. But the fact remains that the only real reason for cricket is FUN."

Well, that is perfectly true, though it is hard to reconcile it with recent events.

Fortunately, when the sun shines, as it did at Lord's on the second day of the match between M.C.C. and Surrey, it is possible to forget all the superficial irritations. Cricket, I realised then, goes serenely on, and only the wildest of revolutions will shake it from its course. Let us, therefore, bask in the genial air, and count our blessings.

Among these blessings was the hitting of Smith (J.), who carted Fender clean over the Tavern, and, later in the week, made fifty-odd against Yorkshire with remarkable speed and power. Smith is not yet a Jessop, but he is a lively and light-hearted cricketer, and he does thump the ball uncommonly hard. It is, moreover, always very pleasant to see a young player making headway, and Smith can also bowl a bit—he is, in fact, primarily a fastish bowler, and if only he had notified his qualification properly, he would have been useful to Middlesex this summer.

Sanders of Warwickshire bowled for the dreaded duck by Nicholls in the Warwickshire - Essex match, played at the Essex County Ground at Leyton

Then there is the agreeable possibility that I. A. R. Peebles has fully recovered his finger-spin, and he certainly bowled with admirable control and subtlety when he took eight Yorkshire wickets for 71 runs. Peebles not so long ago showed signs of developing true greatness as a spin-bowler, but had to pay the penalty for playing too much cricket. He lost his command over the leg-break, but this seems to have returned to him, and if he is really back to form again, our cricket will be the richer for his bowling.

I suppose that when this article appears we shall have had an opportunity of judging whether some of the players who have been in Australia have managed to avoid staleness. Sutcliffe will be Sutcliffe still—he is as immutable as cricket itself—but what effect will the tour have had upon men like Verity, Paynter, and F. R. Brown?

We shall expect to see a matured Paynter, I think, and a Verity whose batting threatens to overshadow his bowling. As for Brown, he was a little disappointing on Australian wickets, but the stuff is in him right enough, and Surrey will be glad to have him back. There will be plenty to interest us during the coming weeks, if only the weather is kind; and, among other jottings in the notebook, I find the excellent form shown by C. F. Walters, the Worcestershire captain; the all-round merit of Gregory (Surrey); the great promise of D. F. Walker, the Uppingham Freshman, who has begun his cricket career at Oxford so soundly. The cricket season proper, in short, has opened happily, whatever the sensationalists may say.

Books of the Week

Tall Ships : By "Ericus"

To the wanderer to the sea in ships—the marine enthusiast, I mean, not the Lido-loving luxury tourist—there are two books published this month that will be welcome as the month's proverbial roses. Books which, utterly dissimilar in almost every other direction, have one great point in common—their subject. Both tell the story of a homeward voyage from Australia. Pay your money, therefore, and take your choice. *Aloft and Furl It,* with Mr. A. J. Villiers, in the four-masted barque Parma; or trip it less hazardously and, also, less healthily, with Mr. R. W. Thompson, in the "Glory Hole" of a 16,000-ton liner. There is a lot to be said for either course.

"Voyage of the Parma" (Bles; 25*s.*) is the work of a sea lover, one who has lived as completely in a world of sail as did Drake or Nelson, and cherishes every moment of it. I earnestly hope that the sailor's farewell indicated in his foreword—this story "completes the picture which I set out to give of the graceful wind ships before the last of them departed, a picture which was begun in *Falmouth for Orders,* and continued in *By Way of Cape Horn*—is belied by his final words: "And now I feel somehow inclined to go back again, just for one more voyage"—for books like his are worth fifty of the nautical romances of one's boyhood, fifty, I almost said, of the modern novel!

Walter Bird

Barbara Cartland

the well-known author, who, in private life, is Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, has written a new novel, "Just Off Piccadilly," an up-to-the-minute story about a dance hostess, which has just been published by Hutchinsons

Here was no undertaking for the squeamish, this fifteen-week Odyssey from Port Broughton to Falmouth, via Cape Horn. Yet it was accomplished, we are told, by a crew, mainly Finn and German in composition, who numbered twenty-nine all told, whose average age was eighteen, and who brought their ship in first in the Grain Race of 1932 into the bargain! The tale, embellished by much excellent photography, of their accomplishment, gains immensely from the style of its telling. Mr. Villiers is not only a master of brisk, graphic narrative: he points his story with a poetic imagery that is delightfully expressive of his affection for his "sweet ships." He maintains no particular sequence, letting his pen wander where it will, from the interior of the fo'c'sle during a typical Cape Horn "snorter," to the traditions of the Finns of Åland Island, descendants of Vikings and the world's greatest sailors; from the ninety-mile gale of April 5th—"A giant sea came roaring at her while others of its fellows still held her down. She staggered badly, as if she were a living thing that had been shot; she faltered badly, as if she could not go on; she lurched hesitantly, stopped in her stride. She fell on her side into the trough of the sea"—to the poetry of her motion over a smooth sea—"Aloft is the symmetry of the sails, swelling out white and noble, one above the other into the sky. The spray breaks and the wind blows, the sun shines and the trucks circle slowly below the whiteness of the cumulus clouds." Personally, I am as a child in matters marine, but technical ignorance is no bar to one's infinite zest in this gallant and glorious saga. I enjoyed every moment of it.

The high road of romance for Mr. Villiers, the low road of ugly reality for Mr. Thompson. *Glory Hole* (Duckworth; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is travel from the worm's point of view. The author signed on at Sydney as assistant mate to the Butcher, but actually spent the greater part of the voyage as bottle-washer to the Purser, a designation rendered particularly apt by that gentleman's convivial habits. This was unwelcome promotion, as he had already struck up a friendship with the Butcher, the Baker, and the rest of the denizens of the "Glory Hole," that sweaty inferno in the bowels of the ship where in off-hours the ship's menials had their being. However, his new occupation had its advantages. It gave him opportunities for cultivating illicit acquaintance with the passengers, for finding cooler, but again illicit, sleeping accommodation, and for soothing his disquiet in the sound of the lapping water. Of the passengers, the crew, and the menials aforesaid, stewards and scullions and cooks and potato-peelers and all that motley horde that ministers to our creature comforts on these occasions, there is a gallery full of clear-cut and penetrating portraits.

But strongest impression of all is the frenzy of self-abasement with which the author plunged into this "nightmare peopled with mad hatters," rubbing his nose furiously in the mud in order the more fully to savour the rapture of his homecoming.

The Indian Question remains unanswered, but light is thrown on it from a fresh angle by Mr. Max Wylie in his novel, *Hindu Heaven* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) An answer, indeed, he does not attempt, unless it be in so far as concerns the educative qualities of the Christian missions and their inability to cope with the weird intricacies of the native mind. Missionaries and their hymn-books form his staple article of diet, but they are by no means the only food for the voracious maw of his criticism. British Rule, Indian Nationalism, American educational institutions, the native character, all come under the ban of his irony, their imperfections laid hideously bare by the tragic events of the story. An alarmingly depressing picture, all the more so for its undercurrent of truth.

Another depressing picture, of a savagely satirical nature, is given by *Mammon* (Davies; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a translation by Dorothy M. Richardson from the German of Robert Neumann. A Trans-Caucasian liberator comes to Vienna as a prelude to interesting the League of Nations in the struggles of his countrymen for freedom from Soviet oppression. He is caught up in the web of international finance, sucked dry of his usefulness and flung back, broken and disillusioned, on his remote dunghill. A moving and grimly humorous story, with a multiplicity of vital characters engaged in a labyrinth of commercial complexities that would test a City Editor to the utmost.

Mr. Gerard Fairlie can pile horror upon horror with as cunning and confident a hand as when he "rattles the tin" with a tortuous downhill putt. His latest book, *The Treasure Nets* (Hodder and Stoughton; 3*s.* 6*d.*), is not a novel, but a compendium of three semi-short stories, a fact which, by the way, should surely be indicated on the cover. Here are thrills galore! A "secret, black and midnight" coastal village, complete with torture-chamber and conveniently adjacent graveyard; country-house murders accompanied by the tolling of a ghostly bell; death-dealing and brain-destroying devices in a mental home turned anarchist stronghold; and many like causes for acute apprehension, sufficient to extract a vehement recoil from the most hardened shock-absorber.

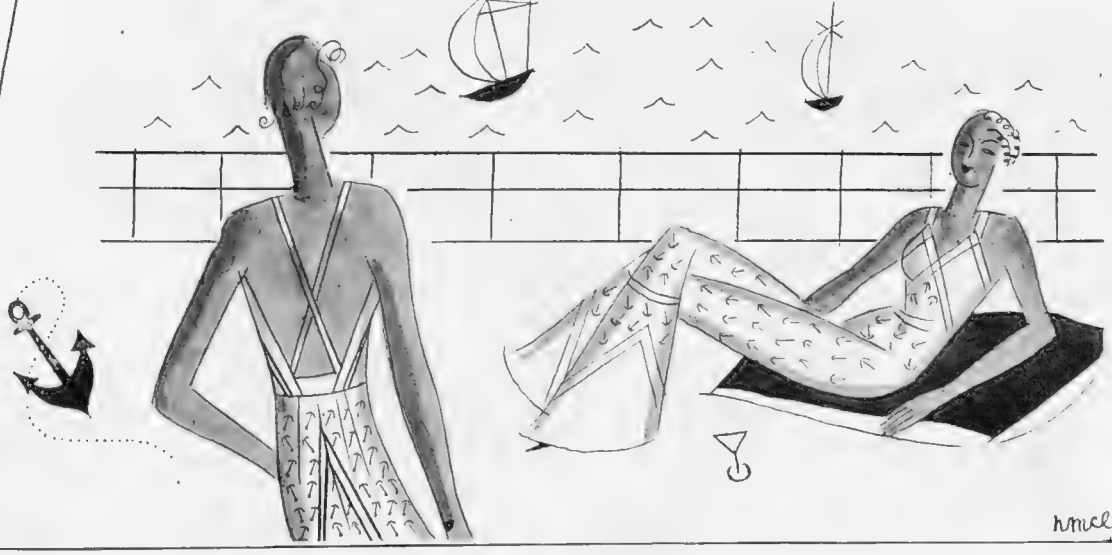
The blue and white striped jumper with the bow tie comes from Finnigans

The pyjamas also come from Finnigans and are quite backless

They are cleverly made of handkerchiefs patterned in blue anchors

A portfolio of fashion compiled weekly by the BYSTANDER

MADGE GARLAND



"The Bystander" has planned a special cruise for its readers, and the S.S. Lapland, of the Red Star Line, leaves London on July 17th for Madeira, Teneriffe and the Azores, returning on July 1st. A special fashion section, dealing with clothes suitable for cruise and holiday wear, will appear in our issue of May 31

Madam!

match your gloves . . .

Cannons of Hollywood

Linen, silk and check ginghams are among the many materials from which our gloves are fashioned

THE COUNTESS BOSDARI has chosen long blue and white spotted foulard gloves from Molyneux which match the bandeau of her large white straw hat

ON the left is seen an ensemble from Marcel Rochas completed by a pair of gloves made of the same gaily striped linen as the short coat

MISS MONA SIMPSON wears gloves with check gingham gauntlets to match her hat and scarf of the same material. All three accessories from Scotts

Cannons of Hollywood

For Afternoon Wear

Yevonde

TWO suggestions for the use of BLACK and WHITE

MISS SUSAN CORBETT and Mrs. R. W. Crawford have both chosen black and white ensembles for afternoon wear. Miss Corbett's Mainbocher dress of black crêpe-de-Chine has a clerical jabot of white, and Mrs. Crawford's Lanvin dress is of heavy white crêpe with detachable sleeves of black ciré satin. Both models come from Albert and Johnson

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A DRESS length made from 'Celanese' is lastingly lovely because the yarn from which it is made is fine and soft and supple to an inimitable degree. . . . Fabrics made from 'Celanese' drape perfectly, wear well, and keep their matt surface or rich sheen as long as thread holds to thread. . . . Economy, too, is served by 'Celanese.' No other fabrics of comparable beauty can approach those made from 'Celanese' in their welcome modesty of price.

YES . . IT MUST BE CELANESE'

TRADE MARK

Photo by Howard and Joan Coster.

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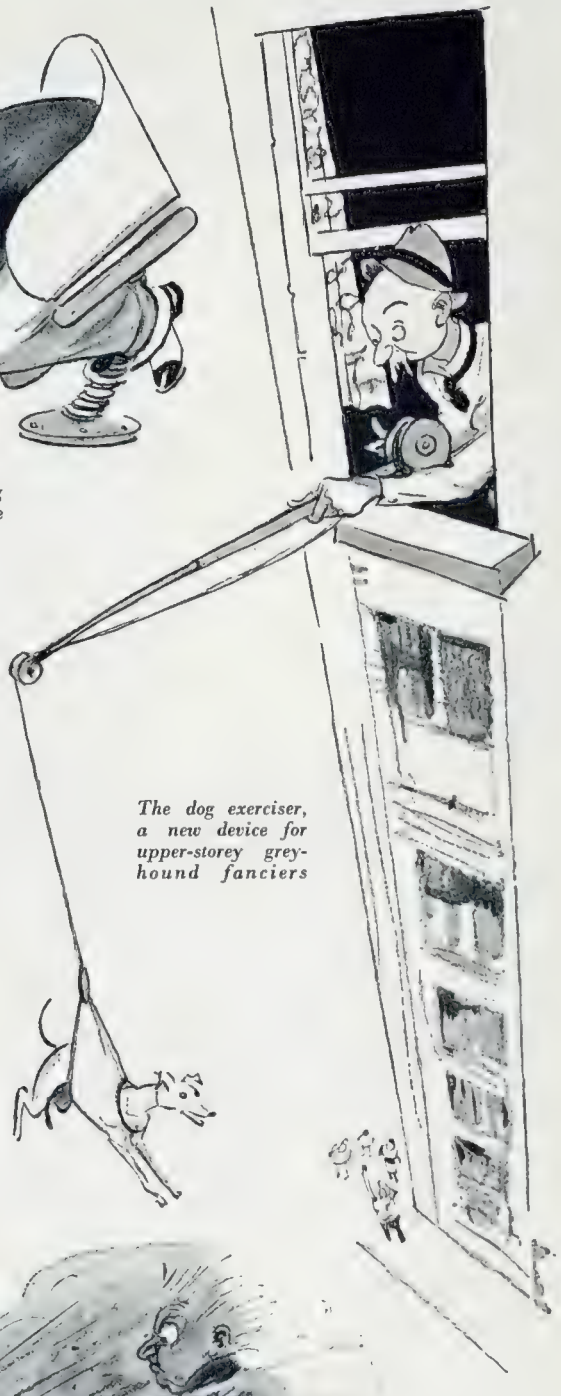
Patent spring seats as a little early training for those who anticipate a holiday cruise



The dog exerciser, a new device for upper-storey greyhound fanciers

Service flat window-box putting-green very serviceable for bad putters

Patent stove for dirt-track racing

Ideal Home-Training Gadgets: *By H. H. Harris*

Colour Elegance
. . . expressed in Summer Shoes

DOLCIS

Wherever smart women assemble, the talk inevitably turns on fashion . . . Colour comes into its own, and shoes are in accord with the blithe note struck by the *ensembles* of early summer . . . .

SOME DOLCIS CREATIONS FOR THE SUMMER

1 *Style 8144 @ 25/-. Smart Grecian Court Shoe. Medium high or extra high Louis Heel. Stocked in Brown Suede/Brown Kid: Black Suede Matt Kid; Blue Suede Blue Kid; Grey Suede Grey Kid; Black/White and Tan White.*

2 *Style 8826 @ 18 9. White Kid Tie Shoe with smart covered Cuban Heel. Also in Black Matt. Black Suede. Brown Suede and Grey Suede.*

3 *Style 7316 @ 18/9. Fashionable Court Shoe in Pearl Grey Kid. Also stocked in Black Matt. Blue Calf. Tan Calf. Parchment and all white.*

4 *Style 1615 @ 18 9. Spectator Sport Shoe in Blue/White with Domco Rubber Sole. Also stocked in Tan/Beige; Tan/White; Beige Peach Suede.*

5 *Style 1662 @ 22 6. Tan White Ghillie Sports Model fitted with the exclusive Dolcis Surestance Rubber Soles. Similar model in Aquatite Calf. Tan Suede Calf and all white. Nubuck Style 1661 @ 22/6*

Orders by post should be addressed to: **Dolcis Shoe Co. Ltd., Dolcis House, Gt. Dover Street, London, S.E.1**

Elstree Wins!

Camilla Horn in England

Camilla Horn, the lovely German film star, who has had leading parts on the screen in Berlin, Hollywood and Paris, has come over here to make films and is starring with Gene Gerrard in "A Love Nest," a new B.I.P. comedy. The photograph on the right was taken at her villa at Cap Martin, before she left for England; Lilian Harvey, who is now in Hollywood, is with her

Women's Golf

Ladies v. Men at Stoke Poges: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

THERE 's a precious lot to talk about this week, but I 'm going to begin at the end, which is the most important part—the Ladies v. Men match at Stoke Poges. The Men won. I nearly said " of course," but isn't it despairing the way, year after year, the ladies do, perhaps, not too badly in the Foursomes, and then simply cannot win the Singles ? Ten to eight was not, perhaps, a great margin, but it was sufficient, and it just shows what rubbish it is to say that there is no man living who can give half a stroke to a first-class lady. It seems to me that there are all too many of them who can. Not that one grudges their winning, they deserve to every time, but I 'm beginning to wonder if the ladies tackle the business in the wrong way. They are rather obsessed with their own inferiority, an illusion (I hope you note I call it illusion) fostered by the receipt of a half and terribly conscious that man hits the ball farther than they do, and, therefore, can take mashies where they take long irons or wood. But it is not the length but the accuracy that undoes the ladies in that match. I don't believe it would make the ladies sure to win if every lady were allowed to pick up her ball and carry it sufficiently far forward after her drive to play the subsequent shot with the same club that the man is taking after his drive. She simply is not as good a pitcher and putter as he is. Yet you may go to a ladies' championship and watch the ladies repeatedly running three shots into two and taking a number of putts which are enough, or rather, few enough, to break the heart of the best man in the world. Put the same ladies against men at Stoke Poges, and they simply squander near and on the green. I can't explain it to you, but there it is. And that is why the men beat the women, and not merely the length of the tees or the absence of Miss Wilson, Miss Fishwick, and Miss Morgan, or any other of those things which it might be possible to put forward as excuses.

THE ladies who won did so because they played the shots up to the hole extraordinarily well, and where they lost it was because they played them badly or, as in the case of Mrs. V. G. Davies, could not putt. It is all very strange and distressing. Not that the day itself was anything but delightful. Miss Joyce Wethered was there, which always gives a fillip to anything, and if she did miss a great many short putts and leave Miss Gourlay rather more to do in the Foursome against Mr. Bourn and Mr. Oppenheimer than she ever would do if she were in full practice, there was still any amount to be learnt from watching her long game. And Miss Wethered's standard cannot be hoped for on a big occasion when she only gets a chance of hitting the ball at the week-ends. Those who have played her at those week-ends say she is just as magnificent and unbeatable as ever, but there 's a world of difference between week-end friendlies, however fierce, and public golf such as Ladies v. Men. Nobody knows that better than Miss Wethered. Read her book if you doubt my word.

She and Miss Gourlay did win their Foursome. Mr. Bourn was pretty wild, but they kept one anxious enough to make it rather difficult to go and watch other people. I believe Miss Garnham and Miss Winn made a very good pair. At all events, things were all square at lunch-time, and the ladies were persistently up, almost all of them going out in the afternoon. But then many of them faded away. One exception was Miss Wethered, who could hardly help collecting the holes Bourn flung at her, though now and again she did her best to fling them back to him. Then there was Miss Garnham, who really played extraordinarily well to win two up from John Beck, who was something horrible under fours from the turn to the seventeenth. Then Miss Plumpton got home by two and one from Mr. Bradshaw, Miss Beard did the same from General Critchley, and Miss Pearson by four and three from Major Thorburn.

THERE was nearly a thrilling finish, for the men stood one up on the day, with Mrs. Peel and Mr. Murray at the seventeenth, with the man one up. But the seventeenth is very long, and even a stroke can hardly mean more than a half for the ladies, nor can they be sure of reaching the eighteenth in two. Everybody went into tea, and only one little Press woman, left all alone, saw Mrs. Peel gallantly put her second shot at the eighteenth into the hollow short of the green, but then take three from there, so that, though Mr. Murray, having pulled his second, only got five, the hole was a half, and the match was the Men's.

MR. MURRAY had been doing good work down at Camberley Heath Inter-Club Scratch Mixed Foursomes, with Miss Ferelith Low as a beautiful putting partner. They could not win for West Hill : Burhill beat them in the semi-final, and then went on to get beaten themselves in the Final by Camberley Heath. For these, Miss Gourlay and Captain Hawkins played very effective golf, particularly in the matter of putts (for there were times when there was a little bit of the hither-and-thither variety of long shot). Not so much, though, as from Mrs. Potter and Mr. Board, though both of them had some fine recoveries and Mr. Board some wonderful putting to his credit. Not a very big meeting this year, but a very enjoyable one, and I have come to the conclusion I would rather watch mixed golf than Men v. Ladies. It is so sad to reflect that woman, even in these days, is not very good at standing on her own legs.

IT was certainly strenuous for Miss Gourlay, after those Foursomes, to find herself the next day not merely captaining Surrey against Middlesex, with the County's fate depending on it, but to have the rude shock of Miss Cecil Leitch produced to take the field against her, for there is a prestige and a brilliance about Miss Leitch which is very apt to knock anybody off their balance. Still, even she, like Miss Wethered, cannot be sure of holing the putts with the amount of practice she gets. Surrey won five to two, and all the counties of that subdivision are now out of their misery, with Surrey as winners.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

In the foreground : Miss Nicholson, semi-finalist, Miss D. Fergusson, winner, Miss P. Gardiner, runner-up, and Mrs. A. C. Workman, semi-finalist, at the Ulster Women's Golf Meeting at Craigavad

Below : J. B. Beck, Miss Diana Plumpton, Mrs. Clarke and E. Noel Layton, competitors in the Ladies v. Men Golf Match at Stoke Poges, won by the Men by 10 points to 8, because the Ladies failed in singles

Above : Miss Loris Park, winner, and her cousin, Miss C. M. Park, who met in the final round of the East of Scotland Women's Golf Championship at Gullane

Right : the Junior Car Club International Trophy race at Brooklands, showing the new method of handicapping, where the faster cars do more acute cornering and take more bends than the slower cars

Below : Bryan Lewis acclaimed at Brooklands as the winner of the 250 miles International Trophy Race

The Earl of Cardigan *believes* The Standard of Driving is Going Up

At the time when it was first proposed to revise the motoring laws and to repeal the anachronism of a 20 m.p.h. speed limit, there was, it will be remembered, a vast deal of discussion on the probable effect of such changes on the general standard of car driving. Many people wrote indignant letters to the papers foretelling that, with the speed limit gone, our roads would be made into battlefields for the hoards of young hooligans who would race over them at a hectic pace, paying less regard than ever to the safety of the long-suffering public.

I myself was, I remember, lured into participating in the argument which followed. Recklessly forgoing the modest fee which I usually claim for literary efforts, I sent in a letter designed to expose the fallacy of such predictions. Why, I urged, should it be thought that any startling results would follow the repeal of a law which, by ninety-nine motorists out of a hundred, had never been respected or observed ? The average driver, I predicted, would go no faster, and no slower, than he had ever gone before. In other words, the effect of such legislation on the general standard of driving would be precisely nil.

This was, at the time, regarded as an optimistic view. Actually, as it has turned out, I was unknowingly doing the average driver rather less than justice. It is now generally admitted—and supported incontestably by published figures—that motorists, as a whole, are driving better and more wisely now that they have ever done before. The relaxation of restrictions has made, not for danger, but for safety.

" The fool around the corner," from being a constant menace, has become almost a rarity. One still sees cars being driven rather too fast in certain circumstances ; one still sees cars being driven inefficiently and in an aggravating manner ; but it is quite uncommon to see so bad a piece of driving as to prompt the remark : " That fellow ought to be shot ! He 'll be killing someone if he carries on like that ! "

To what, I wonder, is the gradual disappearance of the old-fashioned, full-blooded type of road-hog to be attributed ? To some extent, I fancy, the mere removal of antiquated regulations may provide an explanation. There is now, as there never was before, some feeling of respect for the motoring law. Nowadays, I suggest, the average man feels that the law, to some extent at least, stands on a basis of ordinary common sense. If, for instance, his number-plate becomes obscured by mud, he often is merely cautioned by a tolerant policeman. If, on the other hand, he drives in a really stupid and dangerous manner, he receives a stiff sentence which, in his heart of hearts, he must know to be deserved. Thus he comes to feel some respect for the law's pronouncements ; and, within limits, to treat them with due deference. Herein is the basis of all progress and order.

There are other factors, too, to be considered. Better roads play their part in making better drivers. For instance, the impatient and impetuous Mr. A., formerly, was always hovering on the verge of serious trouble. On the old narrow roads, he constantly would find his passage blocked by a stationary lorry or slowly moving farm-cart. He hated having to pull up to a standstill whenever there was another vehicle approaching from the opposite direction, consequently, he would always try to " squeeze through." Now, Mr. A., on the modern wide road, finds that such risk is unnecessary.

Better and more controllable cars must also be allowed some of the credit. Most of us have painful recollections of meeting poor Miss B., when she bought her first motor-car a few years ago. Somehow, she just *could* not manage the gear-box, and was always in trouble when it became necessary to change down. The result was that she tried to cling to top gear, and used to " rush " her hills, even when approaching a blind crossing, and turn into main roads at far too high a speed. Now Miss B. feels that she can really do what she likes with her gear-box. Thus she has more confidence, drives better, and takes fewer chances.

It is, however, hardly fair to attribute the whole improvement to outside influences. I am inclined to think that the present-day driver is intrinsically a more sensible person than the driver of a few years ago. He, or she, has a greater familiarity with motor-cars generally and with the mechanical principles on which they work. The new car, therefore, is less of an exciting toy, and more of a common-sense vehicle to be used in a common-sense way.

A Modern Showroom

The Armstrong-Siddeley showrooms in Old Bond Street, seen above, have just been brought thoroughly up to date in every way, and these alterations include the laying of a new type of flooring

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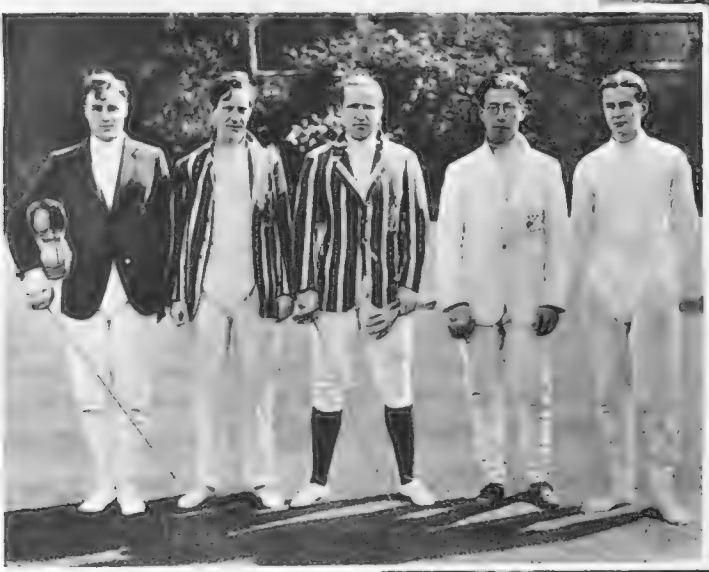
CRICKET has no monopoly of controversies, for I gather that the Italian Sporting Club athletic meeting at the White City, on May 27th, has not been arranged without a certain amount of dissension. The A.A.A. were not approached, they tell me, in the orthodox manner, and it is, to say the least of it, unfortunate that the A.A.A. visit to Oxford takes place a couple of days before. Whether the A.A.A. will take their full strength to Oxford remains to be seen: if they do, the team to oppose the Italians will be sorely weakened. This would be a pity, for Italy are taking this match with extreme seriousness—the King of Italy and Signor Mussolini have presented cups, and such outstanding athletes as L. Beccall, who won the Olympic Games 1,500 metres, and L. Facelli and E. Toetti are included in the Italian side.

Next Week

Our Sixth Annual FLYING NUMBER

With all the Usual Features

Above: Mannamead, R. Dick up (second from the right), securing his sixth consecutive victory for Lord Astor by winning the Burwell Stakes, run for at Newmarket



Above: T. B. Simpson, G. D. Roberts, the old International "Rugger" player, and G. N. Fraser, competitors in the English v. Scottish Bench and Bar match at Woking

Left: D. Y. Fell, B. R. S. Naughton, Julio de Amodio, D. Lewis, and G. A. L. Chearle, members of the Oxford Fencing Club, engaged by Sir Oswald Mosley in fencing bouts at Oxford

TALKING of troubles of one kind and another, how about the latest football development in South America? So unruly is the Latin temperament, apparently, and so menacing have the partisan crowds become, that at a recent match in Buenos Aires, not only were there large contingents of mounted police and other constables, but a tear-gas squad stood by for emergencies and firemen waved their hoses meaningly at the spectators. This display of force was apparently successful—Australian papers, please note.

I SEE, incidentally, that the 'Varsity swimming match is to take place at a public baths instead of the Bath Club, as in former years, and that more spectacular events have been introduced. This break from tradition I dislike: presumably, the need for funds is at the bottom of it, but, whatever the reason may be, it seems a pity to turn yet another 'Varsity affair into a public spectacle.

A LETTER from a responsible critic in New Zealand has reached me from which I am sorry to learn that A. E. Cooke, of the 1924 All-Blacks, has joined the professional ranks. A pity, though sheer necessity drove him to it, for times are hard in New Zealand now. And I gather that Rugby football is at a low ebb over there, though in T. H. C. Caughey the selectors have discovered a supremely fast and clever young centre three-quarter.

Below: Mr. Justice Luxmore (England Captain), Lord Morison (Scotland), Lord Hunter (Scotland), and Mr. Justice Bennett (England), more competitors in the match between the English and Scottish Bench and Bar decided at Woking

F. G. H. Chalk and D. F. Walker open the innings for Oxford University against the West Indians. Walker is the most promising freshman that Oxford have had for years

A Law Golf International

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

MY correspondent, by the way, wonders how it is that we cannot see each other's point of view about the question of substituting reserves for players injured during the course of a game. He maintains that the practice in New Zealand is merely the harmless result of an environment very different from ours. Well, that may be true, but I am afraid substitution might lead to all manner of abuses. It would be so easy for an unscrupulous captain to replace a player who was off his game by a better and fresher reserve. It is, at any rate, definitely certain that the Rugby Union will never sanction the practice over here.

THIS is a week of big fights. By the time this appears, Jack Petersen will have tried conclusions with Muller, that tough German, and we shall know whether Petersen's right hand is really sound again. I hope so, for it is a disastrous thing when a boxer's hands begin to go back on him.

Then on Thursday, at the Albert Hall, young Jack Doyle shows us what he has learnt from Descamps, and he will need to have learnt a good deal if he is to beat the experienced Humbeeck, who is a second-rater, but a strong fighter. And when we last saw Doyle, even a third-rater went mighty near to putting him to sleep. Anyway, the Albert Hall will be packed, and as George Cook and Larry Gains are also fighting, there will surely be some shrewd blows struck that night.

Archie Compston in trouble, just like an ordinary mortal, when playing in the 1,500 guineas golf tournament at Southport

Right: Mrs. Holm, Miss Jean McCulloch, Mrs. Greenlees, and Mrs. Bamber at Gleneagles, four competitors practising for the British Ladies' Open Golf Championship

DOUGLAS JARDINE has decided to write a book. I gather that he has the sympathy of the M.C.C. behind him in his literary endeavours, and we can only hope that his story will be strictly objective and impartial. I am inclined to be apprehensive, nevertheless, for, much though I respect Jardine, there is no getting away from the fact that he has a prejudice, to put it mildly, against the Australians. That he has ample reasons for this prejudice no one will deny, and it may be that he will keep it in check, for he is certainly strong-minded enough to do so. All the same, the present word-and-pen warfare is very disturbing.

Mediterranean Officers of the Fleet at Golf

Left, back row, l. to r.: Flying-Officer McIntyre, R.N., Lieut.-Com. Butler, R.N., R.E.O. Bird, Surgeon Com. Heath, R.N., Lieut.-Com. Kennedy, R.N., Com. Moore, R.N., Lieut. Crawford, R.N., Mr. Lindon, Rev. Kidd, R.N. Middle row: C W. Constantine, Paymaster Moore, R.N., Lieut. Burnett, R. Mariner, Flying-Officer Constable Roberts, Paymaster Lieut-Com. Clay, R.N., Lieut.-Com. Chades, Lieut. Singuese, Admiral Candy, J. S. Sykes, L. Lindon, Paymaster Lieut. Lade, R.N., Lieut.-Com. Grimes, R.N. Seated: Major Symons, W. Whyte, Colonel Buck Anderson, Com. Wace, R.N., Le Baron de Bellet, Talbot J. Taylor, E. C. Lowe, Chairman of Riviera Club; Captain A. Rattigan, Secretary of Golf Club; competitors in the Riviera Club, Nice, v. Royal Navy match played at Cagnes, and won by the Navy by five matches up

Air Pilots at Home at Brooklands

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Surrey Flying Services, a well-known air taxi company which also runs a flying school, shown at home at Croydon—from left to right: Messrs. S. F. Wood, pilot; S. Harris, one of the School pupils; M. A. Cowan, a director; F. W. J. Grant, a director; W. G. Macdonald, manager; A. G. Bullmore, pilot.

The "Tatler" Cup, to be won at Brooklands for the "Concours d'Élégance" during the Display held by the Guild of Air Pilots on Saturday next, May 20th

The Guild Display

On Saturday next, May 20th, the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators will be at home at Brooklands, where a civil air display will be given for the benefit of the Guild's Endowment Fund, this being used, of course, to promote the welfare of commercial pilots. The event is the most important of the season in the civil category, and will be opened by the Marquess of Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air. The Chief of the Air Staff, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Lord Clydesdale—the latter fresh from his achievements over the Himalayas—hope to attend, and Brooklands generally will be en fête in anticipation of a large gathering of the public to see the flying. The programme includes a Concours d'Élégance for the "*Tatler*" Cup, illustrated on this page, entries being confined to private and Club aircraft of the open or cabin type. In addition to marks for smart appearance, colour scheme, age in relation to good condition, a point taken into consideration will be the most suitably dressed lady passenger. A Tortoise Race for "B" Licence pilots flying single seaters, and an Interception, event on a handicap basis, open to all types, are original items of special interest.

King's Cup Entries

Intending competitors are reminded that the list closes at normal fees on Friday next, May 19th, for the King's Cup Race, to be held this year at Hatfield. Several interesting machines have been entered already, including an Arrow "Active," by Mr. C. G. Grey, editor of the *Aeroplane*; a "Hawk," by Wing-Commander H. M. Probyn; a Spartan "Clipper," by Lieut.-Col. Louis Strange; a "Gull," by Lieut.-Commander Leake; and three Hawker "Tomtits," presumably fitted with the new Morris engine, as they will fly the colours of Sir William Morris. There is the usual school of Puss Moths, two of which will be flown by the Hon. Lady Bailey and Mr. E. L. Gandar Dower. The Gipsy Major has achieved a further success, using Aero Shell to fly the South Atlantic, the machine being a Polish R.W.D.5. The pilot, Captain Skarzynski, flew from Warsaw, making his crossing from St. Louis, in French West Africa, to Brazil in just under eighteen hours. For this season's display, Sir Alan Cobham has divided his fleet into two parts, each of which gives a complete programme following different circuits round the country. These displays are well worth seeing, and are quite the best of their kind which have been produced. Aerobatics, racing, parachute descents, demonstrations of the latest machines, and joy-flying are included.

Entertaining the Long-Distance Pilots

Sqn.-Ldr. O. R. Gayford, D.F.C., and Flight-Lieut. G. E. Nicholetts, A.F.C., will be the guests of honour at a lunch to-morrow, May 18th, at the Park Lane Hotel, and it is hoped that as many as possible will attend to pay their tribute to the holders of the world's long-range record. Arrangements are in the hands of the Secretary, Royal Aeronautical Society, whose telephone number is Regent 6800.

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The First of the Classics

THIS issue of THE BYSTANDER is dated to appear on the very day that the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase is due to be decided on the course of the Stoke Poges Golf Club near Slough. This event may be described as the first of the season's classics, for it has always drawn a very representative entry from amateur golfers in this country and is one of the hardest to win of all the amateur events. The conditions are simple: it is a thirty-six holes stroke-play competition, and thus constitutes a severe test and one which can be guaranteed to provide as winner a man well qualified for the honour. The *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase is second only in importance to the St. George's Grand Champion Challenge Cup and, therefore, is probably the second most important amateur medal play competition of the year. It is nearly always played on courses around and about London, so that London golfers are always very well represented, but it is not merely London which supplies the entry. Golfers from far and wide come to play, and the winner can justly sink back in his arm-chair in the evening with that comfortable feeling of a job well done.

THE first festival of the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase was held at Mid-Surrey in 1909, when Major C. K. Hutchison won the event with the excellent score of 146. Since then many famous names have been engraved on the Cup, and amongst them it is interesting to note those of Abe Mitchell and Mark Seymour—two men who have since turned professional and done extremely well in their new profession—Harold Hilton, Cyril Tolley, Roger Wethered, John Beck and Rex Hartley, who was successful last year when the event was decided at Woking. But the name which will never be forgotten by all those connected with *Golf Illustrated* is that of Robert Harris, the only man who has ever won the Cup twice in succession. Contrary to frequent practice, the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase actually is made of gold, and one of the conditions of the event is that the Vase can be won outright by a competitor who succeeds in the practically impossible task of winning it on three successive occasions.

I ADMIT that I am now telling an old story, but it is a true and good one. Robert Harris won the Vase in 1911 and 1912, and the powers that be in *Golf Illustrated* realised that he was playing really extremely well in 1913 just before the Vase was due to be disputed. This in itself would only have been a matter for congratulation if it had not been for the fact that *Golf Illustrated* had considered the task of winning this Vase three times in succession beyond the capabilities of any amateur golfer of that time, and had taken out no insurance policy against such a possibility—which was a very serious situation in view of the amount which would have had to be paid should Robert Harris have won it and should the Vase have had to be replaced in order to keep alive the competition. However, the dread possibility, even probability as it then was, did not materialise, for Abe Mitchell came to the rescue of *Golf Illustrated* and won the Vase from Robert Harris, but only by one stroke. Since then no competitor has dared to win this trophy twice in succession; but this has not prevented *Golf Illustrated* from realising that it remains a possibility, and ever since they have been insured against such a calamity.

I DO not know who have entered for the Vase this year—probably at the time of writing entries have not yet closed. I know, however, that L. B. Sanderson and John Beck are to be two of the competitors, and I shall not be in the least surprised if one or other of these most excellent golfers should win. L. B. Sanderson recently played in an event known as the Northern Open Amateur and Professional Tournament, which is an annual competition played around the courses in the North of Scotland, and this year decided at Murcar. It is a competition of some importance, for all the leading Scottish amateurs and professionals take part, and it is a very popular event and one which is bound to do good for golf in Scotland. J. T. Bookless, who started the show, is therefore very much to be congratulated on his excellent idea.

TO revert to Sanderson. He finished eighth with a steady total for the four rounds of medal play of 308, which was twelve strokes behind the winner. Many well-known Scottish professionals and amateurs were behind him, and it is my information that Sanderson would have done better still if his putting had not deserted him for a brief period. This is unusual, for Sanderson is generally a very good putter. Sanderson started off this season by winning THE BYSTANDER Trophy at Felixstowe — a very meritorious performance. He continued by playing extraordinarily well for Charterhouse in the Halford Hewitt Cup, and for the Amateurs versus the Professionals at Addington, and then went up to Scotland to play in this Northern Open. It will be interesting to see what he does in the events forming the remainder of the season.

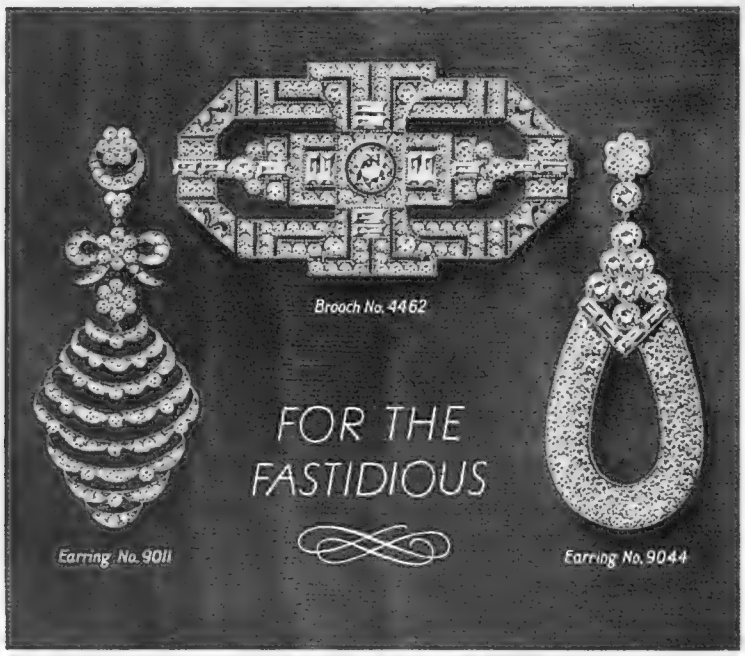
I WONDER if Jack McLean, of Hayston, will come down from Scotland to play in the Gold Vase! This is probably too much to expect, but it would be very interesting to see how he would get on pitted against the cream of amateur golf of the South. He came down recently to play in the team of amateurs which General Critchley raised against a team of professionals, and he won his match with consummate ease, at the same time creating a definite impression of his ability. Shortly after that he went up to play in this Northern Open, and won it with a total of 294, which is a remarkable performance in view of the strength of the opposition. In any case, over a good golf course a total of 294 for four rounds is an excellent one. It is quite easy to find people who will tell you that McLean is about as good an amateur as any other in the country at the moment, if not actually the best of the lot. The trouble is that we in the South have too few chances of seeing these men of the North in action, but, all the same, McLean is favourite for the Amateur Championship in some quarters.

The Surrey County Amateur Championship

Captain H. C. C. Tippet and C. F. Woodbridge, competitors in the above event, which was held on the Royal Mid-Surrey links

Eric Martin-Smith and Captain C. Stevens, standing, competitors in the Surrey County Amateur Championship

H. N. Clapham, seen on the left, and C. Sweeny awaiting their turn to drive off at the first tee. Both players qualified for the individual Championship following the Club Championship competition



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The Doggy World

That Fascinating Sheltie

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I MAKE no apology for writing an article about the Sheltie, although, as a rule, I don't devote many articles purely to "breeds," as I don't know that it is very interesting to the general public. But the Sheltie is a most fascinating little dog; he is not at all well known; he is a British dog; and lastly, as a breed he is on the upward grade, and is beginning to make his presence felt.

If a Sheltie is out for a walk, you will find that any number of people stop and ask questions about it. They are like miniature collies, about the size of a small terrier, and they have three outstanding virtues: they are always sweet-tempered with people: they are extremely obedient; they never fight with each other.

These three qualities are sufficient to make any breed popular, because an obedient dog is always a lovable dog, and a sweet-tempered dog is the perfect companion. All shepherd dogs are obedient by nature, but an Alsatian, a collie, and an Old English sheepdog are too big for the average owner to contemplate owning in these days, and they cost too much to keep. If you are thinking of doing a little breeding, it is essential to choose a small breed, because you can be sure (*a*) of selling the puppies, and (*b*) should you wish to keep them till they are six months old, it is quite easy to do so without incurring much expense.

Wayland

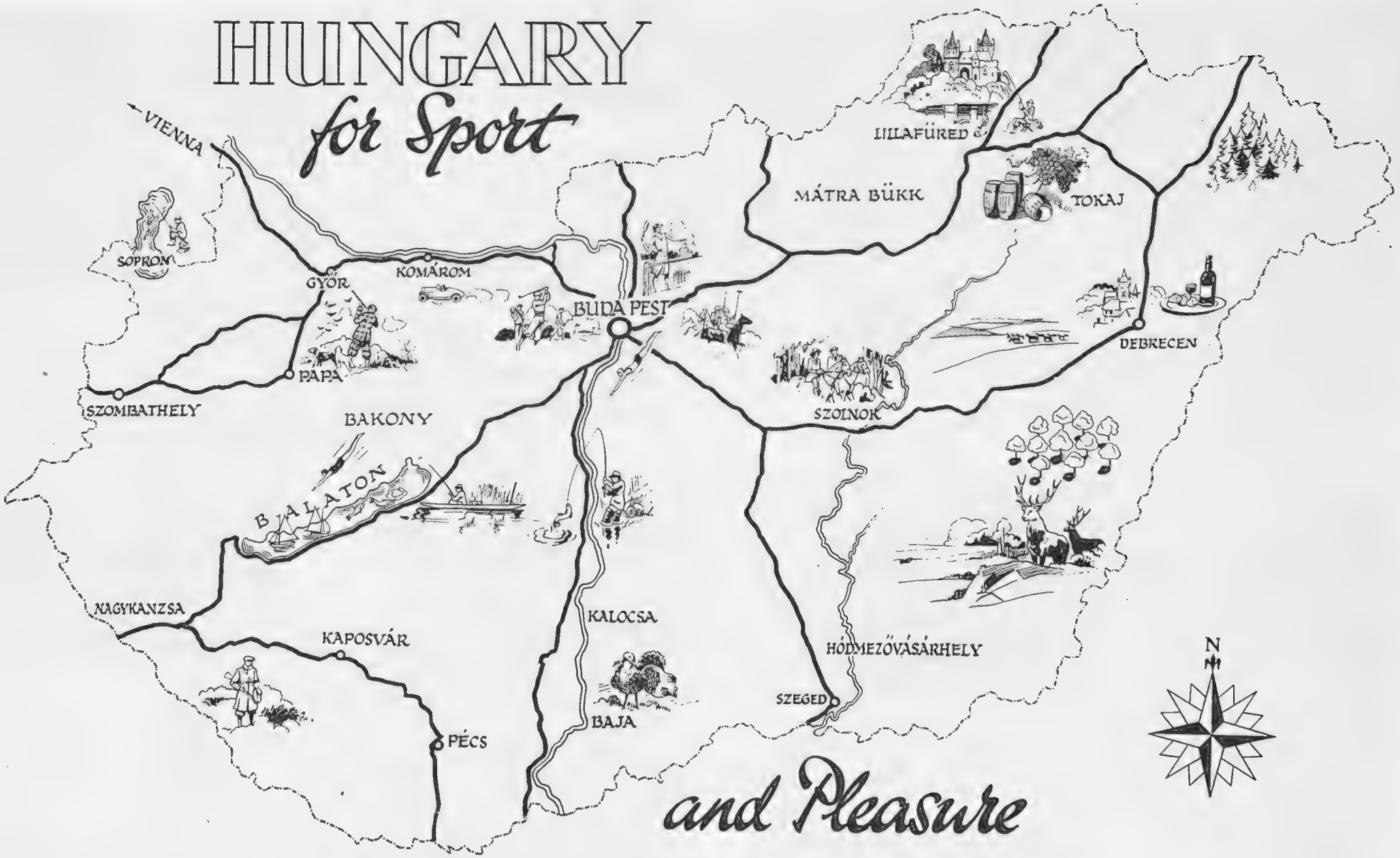
Shetland Sheepdog, Champion Margawse of Cameliard, a breed described by Lady Kitty Ritson in the accompanying article

THE Sheltie fulfils all these conditions, and so it is not surprising that it is beginning to be very popular, although it is still rather a novelty to see one walking about anywhere. They vary in colour, one of the most popular being a "blue merle," although, personally, I have a fondness for red and white. The Americans have taken them up enthusiastically, and there was a very large entry at the Westminster Show this year in New York; several British dogs have recently been exported to the States, and "oh, boy," the American market does hand out the dollars, so long as you produce the real goods. So many English fanciers make the mistake of thinking that anything will do to send to America. This is a fatal mistake, and only ends in spoiling the market and ruining exportation all round.

I am inclined to think that the accompanying picture makes the dog look too large. You must realise that the animal is of a size which makes it quite easy to pick up in one's arms, without in any way being a toy.

These little dogs are bona fide sheepdogs, and can work sheep with the best.

I SUPPOSE every breed has some "crab," and all long-coated dogs are a bit of a nuisance, if you want to show a lot, because they seem to enjoy being out of coat just when some important show is coming along. But this does not matter if the dog is only a pet. If you want to help your dog with its coat-casting, give it a little boiled linseed once a week. (It is a little laxative in effect.) It must be on the back of the stove, or in a cool oven, for at least eight hours—drawing, not boiling. It will then be jelly-like in consistency.



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Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

THE first heats of the Grand National, the greatest of all the hurdle races of the year, will be run off at the White City at the end of this month. Owners should remember that there is very little time left in which to enter their dogs, for the closing date for the event is May 22nd.

The Grand National has, in the past, produced some of the great sights in the history of greyhound racing, and no doubt the future will add to this number, for there is nothing so fascinating as the sight of a perfectly trained greyhound hurtling over the hurdles with but fractions of an inch to spare. Hurdle races are beloved by the greyhound-racing public not only for the excitement which they produce, but also because of the marvellous spectacle which they always provide. And there is another advantage of every hurdle race over a flat race: in a flat race, a dog which gets a big lead is unlikely to be caught, and is almost certain to win, but in a hurdle race the longest lead is indecisive for the dog which is ahead, for there is always that final hurdle to be negotiated and the outside chance of disaster overtaking the leading dog. Members of the public, therefore, never give up hope in a hurdle race, even if the dog which they have backed is lying many lengths behind the leader—the improbable is perfectly possible in hurdle races, and, after all, in every form of racing it is the possible fulfilment of the improbable which adds spice to the whole event.

So far I am informed that although Long Hop has not been officially entered, it is a practical certainty that he will be given a chance of winning the race, which he won last year. Long Hop is a great favourite with the public, and rightly so, for it is my firm belief that he was the best hurdler in the world last year and that he is very little behind his previous form at the present time. The other night I saw him race at the White City, and he put up a very impressive performance indeed. He is a great dog is Long Hop: a fine hurdler, fast and clever, and game to the last inch; just the sort of dog which is bound to become popular with the public because he has character as well as racing skill. To see Long Hop parading the course before a race is to see a dog at his best, anxious for his work and revelling in it. Long Hop is one of those dogs which give the lie direct to those misinformed people who may say that dogs do not enjoy racing: obviously he enjoys every moment of it.

Gone Away!

A vivid action photograph of greyhounds breaking away from the trap during hurdle trials at Harringay Park

Two famous hurdlers are already among the entries—these are Scallywag II. and Bronze Dragon: they are both Wimbledon greyhounds. Scallywag II. is in record-breaking mood at the moment, judging from his performances on the various London tracks, and it is considered possible in greyhound-racing circles that this dog has sufficient speed to break the record for 525 yards over hurdles at the White City. This record was set up as long ago as 1931 by Knave of Hearts. Bronze Dragon has never appeared at the White City Stadium, and he is young in comparison with other entries for the Grand National. But he is full of promise and is by no means an outsider for the race. However — let them all come — I hope to see Long Hop able to deal with the lot!

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"The Scribe" in the Autocar—31.3.33

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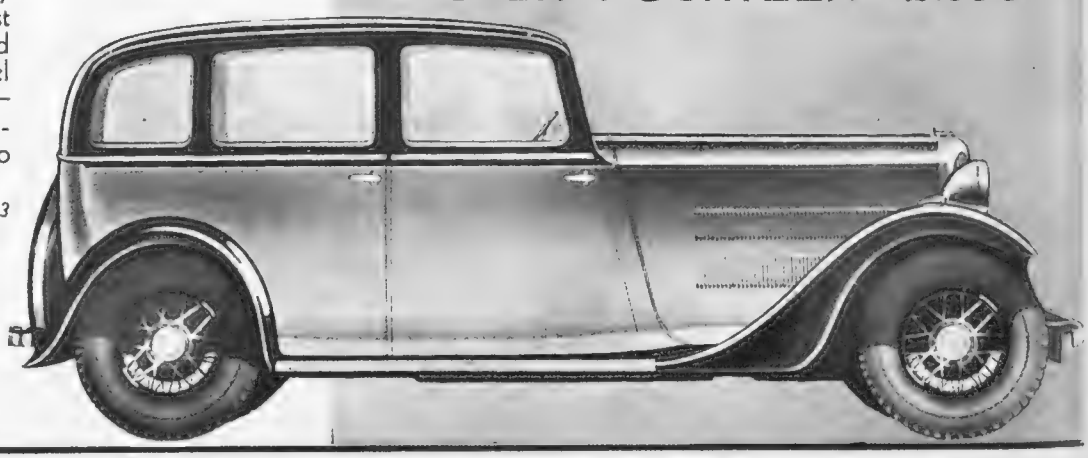

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These light-as-air dainty blouses look wonderfully smart and attractive and never fail to keep you cool and fresh even during the hottest game.

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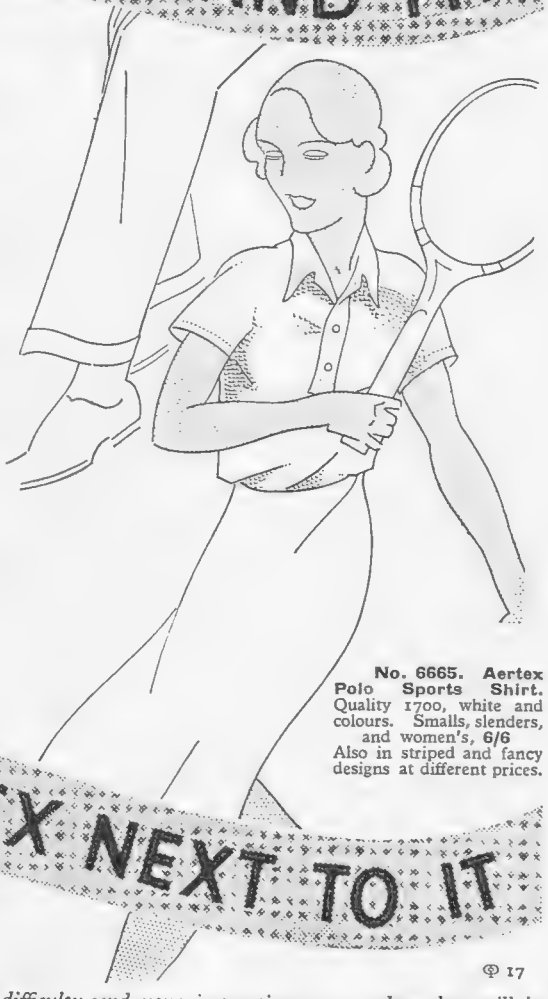

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

YOUNG FACES FOR OLD

A Woman's Clever, Manipulative Fingers Perform, for Her Own Sex, the Modern Miracle of Youthful Restoration.

IT hardly seems necessary, here and now, to defend the universal desire to retain youth and beauty. But there are always preachers to say "Vanity, all is vanity" and curmudgeons to condemn this natural and salutary impulse. Nevertheless, there are many enlightened members of the medical profession, both male and female, as well as men and women of the lay public, who acknowledge the importance, both psychological and economic, of an attractive and youthful appearance.

PROFESSIONAL women, not only actresses, but also saleswomen, secretaries, and workers in a hundred different spheres, literally cannot afford to look old. There is also the sentimental side of life to be considered. There is a great deal to be said for the woman who, through worry, strain, illness, or fatigue, is beginning to lose the fresh, firm lines of youth, to show wrinkles about her eyes, a droop at the corners of her mouth, sagging or "scrawny" neck, and to perceive, with agony, criticism or indifference in the eyes of a beloved husband or of her own children. There are, too, the women who lost husbands and fiancés in the war and were forced to enter into competitive commercial life, which has taken its toll of looks and attendant charms. Are they to be blamed if they desire to recover the confidence, power and joy in life which their original beauty gave them? Rather, they should be admired, and, since beauty which inspires pleasure and optimism is infectious, they should be encouraged.

MUCH may be done to postpone the encroachment of age, the preservation of contour and complexion, by modern beauty culture. But there comes a time when creams, tonic lotions and massage cannot disguise the shrinkage of subcutaneous tissue.

I only know of one woman who practises what has come to be known as cosmetic surgery in this country. Her sympathetic approach to the psychological aspect of rejuvenation is impressive. Her manipulative skill is proven by the grateful and often touching tributes of her clients, who become, not unnaturally, her friends.

PLASTIC surgery is a proven and practical fact. It is more generally practised in America and on the Continent than in this country, but much more frequently resorted to here than is realised by even the "nearest and dearest" of the women so "wonderful for their age" who provoke the admiration and contribute to the æsthetic pleasure of their friends.

The woman who is responsible for many of these "modern miracles," herself a vital and sympathetic personality, is averse to the slightly frightening implications of the introduction of the word "surgery" into what she regards as a simple, painless expedient to remove the outward and visible signs of the dreadful phenomena of age. She differs from the male plastic surgeons to some extent in her methods because her aim and achievement is to take away sagging, superfluous skin and restore the natural contour without any upward stretching and artificial, straight lines. She is correct in asserting that it is not the stretching of the skin, but the shrinking of subcutaneous tissue that causes lines and loss of contour. She literally remodels the face and neck to its new formation and, barring some such "accident" as dental extraction, the youthful effect is lasting.

THE "operation," either to eyes, or for face-lifting (a term she objects to), is painless because of an injection of local anæsthetic, which has no adverse effect on the constitution in general. By the application of gauze-like, iodised plaster, she relieves all strain on the minute "wounds." Patients can carry on their normal lives while the treatment is in process. In the case of eyes, the skin being so thin and the stitches so minute, no scars are left, and when lines from mouth to chin or sagging skin beneath the chin are removed, only the tiniest stitch marks remain. She claims that the delicacy of touch and individual considerations make this "woman's work," and wishes that other women would take it up: she would regard this as co-operation, not competition. Incidentally, this beauty specialist has had more than ten years' practical experience, and considers her immunity from any unsatisfactory result due to the fact that she makes herself personally responsible, not only for the treatment itself, physiologically and psychologically, considered, but also for all the details of preparation and sterilisation.

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"BYSTANDER" FLYING Number

—Next Week

● The Sixth Annual FLYING NUMBER

of the "Bystander" will be published on May 24th.

In addition to a double page and single page in full colour, numerous topical illustrations in black-and-white and cartoons, there will be a complete section devoted to the latest types of machines for the private owner.

The many clubs and schools which cater for those interested in aviation will also be featured. Our air correspondent, Captain C. E. Ward, will devote particular attention to aspects of flying at the present day.

The "Bystander" was the first illustrated paper to publish a special number devoted to flying every year in addition to its weekly aviation page, which interests readers in all parts of the world.

The VOGUE for Sea & Sun

An extremely attractive bathing suit with brassiere top, in striped or plain wool, which is joined to the trouser and is completely backless. Colours: blue/white, white/black, navy/white, red/white, yellow/brown, etc. Sizes 34 to 40. Price **25/9**

Caps, shoes, and sandals in all colours and sizes.

A delightful cotton beach dress in check, with scarf and belt in plain colour. In white/red/blue and yellow/red/stone. Price **29/6**

Cellophane hat and bag, **59/6** *complete. In violet, blue and gold. Sandals,* **15/9**

A practical flannel trouser with zip fastener and adjustable waist-band, which simplifies fitting. In grey, navy, and white. Price **29/6**

The backless top is obtainable in all colours and many styles, **15/9**

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The Editor's Box

The Rumba in Torquay

Clemson and Valerie, the well-known Riviera dancers, who have been doing a West Indian tour, are now at Torquay, and are demonstrating at the Palace Hotel the real Rumba as they studied it in Havana. Besides knowing the dance in all its varieties and steps, they have also complete familiarity with the amazing rhythm of the music, and have brought back several native instruments. In the photograph, Clemson and Valerie are with the Palace Dance Band, who are now also masters of the Rumba music and instruments, and play for the dancers during their clever demonstrations.

Holding the Rumba Rhythm

Kinmel School, East Side

Left: a view of Kinmel School, Denbighshire, a public school where a boy may start to train for his career in practical ways, and where his course of work will be so arranged as to fall into line with parents' suggestions as to their sons' futures

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SOME SIMPLE SWEETS

Orange Soufflé

TAKE as many oranges as required, wipe them, and rasp off all the rind on ½-lb. of lump sugar. Pound this, and mix with it one well-beaten white of an egg to each 2 oz. of sugar. Mix until like icing. Divide the oranges into quarters, dip them in sherry, then into castor sugar, pile them high into the centre of the dish, then pour the icing over the pile. Decorate with cherries, and put a few ratafia biscuits round.

Chocolate Éclairs

DISSOLVE one oz. of butter into 2 oz. of water, add 1½ oz. of flour, and mix well together over the fire, then remove from the fire and mix in, one at a time, three whole eggs, and a pinch of salt; add to it 3 oz. of sugar, work it up with a wooden spoon into twelve rolls of this mixture about four inches long, and half an inch wide and deep. Place them carefully on to a greased baking-tin, cover the whole with powdered sugar, and shake it all off again—the paste will not leave the sheet. Bake it to a golden colour, whip some cream flavoured with chocolate, add a little powdered sugar, rub through a fine hair sieve, make a hole at one end of the éclairs, force in some of this mixture, and cover them with chocolate icing.

Brown Bread Ice

HALF a pound of stale brown breadcrumbs, one pint of whipped cream, 6 oz. of castor sugar, a few drops of vanilla. Whip the cream well, stir in the other ingredients, pour into a wet mould and freeze.

Prune Mould

WASH 1 lb. of prunes or French plums and soak over-night. Next day stew till soft with 3 oz. of castor sugar and a few strips of lemon peel. Take out the stones, crack them and keep the kernels, dissolve 1 oz. of gelatine in hot water, stir into the fruit, and sweeten to taste. Have a plain mould wetted, and arrange the kernels in it, pour in the prunes and set it to cool. Turn out, scoop a hollow place in the top of the mould with a silver knife dipped in boiling water, and fill with whipped cream.

Parisian Apples

STEW some large apples or bake in syrup in the oven until tender, core them carefully and fill the centres with plum or strawberry jam, and a very little whipped cream on the top of each. The syrup, which should be coloured with cochineal, must be poured round the apples.

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Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

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"HAY FEVER—ITS CAUSE AND HOW TO STOP IT"

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"The Bystander" Ladies'

SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(10th Year) at Turnberry (New Course), JUNE 6 to 9, 1933

Holders: LADY ALNESS and MISS LEETHAM.

Entries close Thursday, May 18th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. HELME, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2. not later than Thursday, May 18th.

THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL AND RAILWAY FACILITIES

THE BYSTANDER Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Turnberry Hotel, Turnberry*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive, from Monday, June 5th. Reduced railway fares, St. Pancras to Turnberry, £3 8s. 6d. return.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Turnberry on June 6th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR "THE BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

TURNBERRY **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand W.C.2, by Thursday, May 18th, 1933.

"THE BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, June 6, 1933, and following days.

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of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address.....

Telephone No. .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Turnberry with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

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Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above; or after June 2nd to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone: Turnberry 2.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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100's BOXES, 4/8. FLAT TINS OF 50, 2/6

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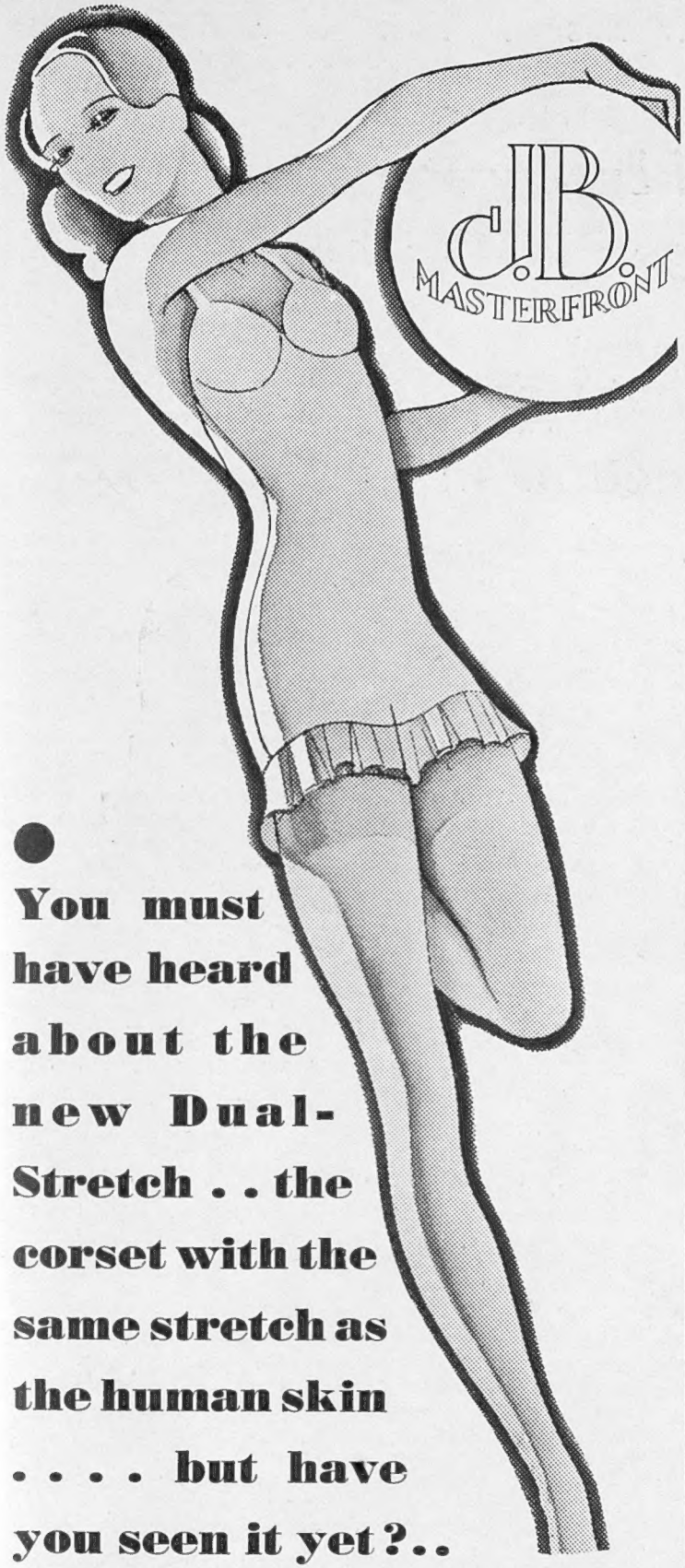

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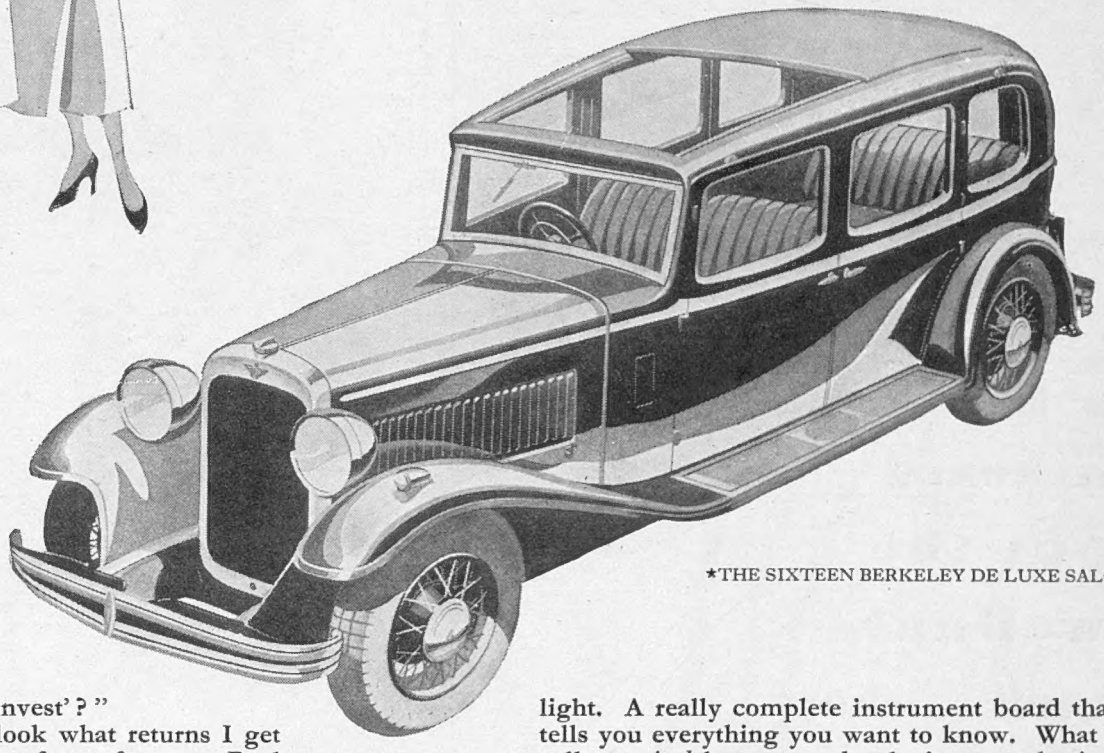

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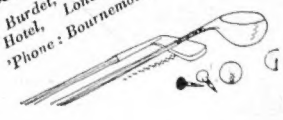

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